

*Old Manuscript*  
**P O E M S**

**O N**

**VARIOUS SUBJECTS,**

**B Y**

**ROBERT FERGUSSON.**

---

**IN TWO PARTS.**

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**THE SECOND EDITION.**

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**EDINBURGH:**

Printed by T. RUDDIMAN:

For J. BELL, J. DICKSON, W. CREECH, C. ELLIOT,

P. ANDERSON, and J. SIMPSON.

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**M,DCC,LXXXII.**

*P.*



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ROBERT T. HIGGINSON

IN TWO PARTS

THE SECOND PART

ROBERT T. HIGGINSON

REVISED BY  
J. B. L. BROWN, W. L. GAY, J. H. GAY, J. H. GAY, J. H. GAY

M. DCCCLXXII

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE author of these Poems lives now only in the literary world. We would not present them to the public, did we not think the perusal would give pleasure. Some short account of the life of this juvenile writer will not, we hope, be deemed unnecessary; for every one wishes to know the character of a man whose productions they admire.

ROBERT FERGUSON, with whom Scottish Poetry now sleeps, was born at Edinburgh, Sept. 5. 1751, of parents remarkable only for the simplicity of their lives, the honesty of their hearts, and the narrowness of their fortunes. When our poet became of an age susceptible of education, he was taught its rudiments. After having acquired a proper knowledge of English, he was sent to Dundee; and, at the school there, made a quick progress in the Latin language.

The father of our poet intended him for the church, and accordingly put him to the University of St Andrew's. Unable to support him, friends, and the young gentleman's merit, procured him a burfary. Though never over studious, he soon attained to a proficiency in several sciences. His knowledge

11 Sept. 15 P+C v. u. e.

knowledge of mathematics was such, that he procured the approbation, friendship, and patronage of Dr Wilkie\*, then a professor of that branch of education. In the second Scottish Eclogue, the Doctor's death is most beautifully and pathetically regreted.

Having finished his studies at the University of St Andrew's, he came to Edinburgh.—His father died soon after, and with him his plan for the education of his son. Our author then attempted the study of the law,—a study the most improper for him, and in which he made little or no progress; for a genius so lively could not submit to the drudgery of that dry and sedentary profession.

To attempt a character of the works of this youthful bard, would be equally vain as difficult. No colours but his own could paint it to the life; And who in his line of composition can even draw the sketch? His talent for versification in the Scots dialect has been exceeded by none,—equalled by few. The subjects he chose were generally uncommon, often temporary. His images and sentiments were lively and striking, which he had a knack in cloathing with the most agreeable and natural expression. Had he enjoyed life and health to a maturer age, it is probable he would have revived our antient Caledonian poetry, of late so much neglected and despised. His works  
are

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\* *Author of the Epigoniad.*

are lasting monuments of his genius and vivacity. For social life he possessed an amazing variety of qualifications. With the best good nature, with much modesty, and the greatest goodness of heart, he was always sprightly, always entertaining. His powers of song were very great in a double capacity. When seated with some select companions over a bowl, his wit flashed like lightning, struck the hearers irresistibly, and *set the table in a roar*.—But, alas! these engaging, nay, bewitching qualities, proved fatal to their owner, and shortened the period of his *rational existence*.—Yet he found favour in the sight of Providence, who was pleased speedily to call him from a miserable state of being, to a life of early immortality, on the 16th of October 1774.

Thus died ROBERT FERGUSSON, regreted by his friends, and lamented by the lovers of poetry, of wit, and of song.

CON-



The first of these is the fact that the  
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 necessary funds to meet its obligations.  
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ERRATA in PART II.

- P. 9. line 11. *for* cheap, *read* cheep.  
P. 70. line 1. *dele* fec.  
P. 16. line 3. *for* orrow, *read* orro.



Epigram on a Lawyer's defining one of the  
Tide to look with respect to a Caper  
On the Author's ignorance of going to Sea  
The Vanity of Human Wishes; an Essay on  
the unchangeable Death of a Scots Peer, by Mr  
Tale

ERRATA IN PART II.

P. 10. line 11. for cheap, read cheap.  
P. 10. line 12. for low, read low.  
P. 16. line 3. for error, read error.

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**P O E M S**  
**O N**  
**VARIOUS SUBJECTS.**

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**P A R T I.**

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**P A S T O R A L I.**

**M O R N I N G.**

**D A M O N A L E X I S.**

**D A M O N.**

**A**URORA now her welcome visit pays;  
Stern darkness flies before her cheerful rays;  
Cool circling breezes whirl along the air,  
And early shepherds to the fields repair;  
Lead we our flocks, then, to the mountain's brow,  
Where junipers and thorny brambles grow;  
Where founts of water 'midst the daisies spring,  
And soaring larks and tuneful linnets sing;  
Your pleasing song shall teach our flocks to stray,  
While sounding echoes smoothe the sylvan lay.

**A**

**A L E X I S.**

## ALEXIS.

'Tis thine to sing the graces of the morn,  
 The zephyr trembling o'er the rip'ning corn ;  
 'Tis thine with ease to chant the rural lay,  
 While bubbling fountains to your numbers play.  
 No piping swain that treads the verdant field,  
 But to your music and your verse must yield ;  
 Sing then,—for here we may with safety keep  
 Our sportive lambkins on this mossy sleep.

## DAMON.

With ruddy glow the sun adorns the land,  
 The pearly dew-drops on the bushes stand ;  
 The lowing oxen from the folds we hear,  
 And snowy flocks upon the hills appear.

## ALEXIS.

How sweet the murmurs of the neighb'ring rill !  
 Sweet are the slumbers which its floods distill :  
 Thro' pebbly channels winding as they run,  
 And brilliant sparkling to the rising sun.

## DAMON.

Behold Edina's lofty turrets rise,  
 Her structures fair adorn the eastern skies ;  
 As Pentland cliffs o'ertop yon distant plain,  
 So she the cities on our north domain.

## ALEXIS.

Boast not of cities, or their lofty tow'rs,  
 Where Discord all her baneful influence pours ;  
 The homely cottage, and the wither'd tree,  
 With sweet Content, shall be preferr'd by me.

## DAMON.

**D A M O N.**

The hemlock dire shall please the heifer's taste;  
Our lands like wild *Arabia* be waste;  
The bee forget to range for winter's food;  
Ere I forsake the forest and the flood.

**A L E X I S.**

Ye balmy breezes! wave the verdant field;  
Clouds! all your bounties, all your moisture yield;  
That fruits and herbage may our farms adorn,  
And furrow'd ridges teem with loaded corn.

**D A M O N.**

The year already hath propitious smil'd,  
Gentle in spring-time, and in summer mild;  
No cutting blasts have hurt my tender dams,  
No hoary frosts destroy'd my infant lambs.

**A L E X I S.**

If *Ceres* crown with joy the bounteous year,  
A sacred altar to her shrine I'll rear;  
A vig'rous ram shall bleed, whose curling horns  
His woolly neck and hardy front adorns.

**D A M O N.**

Teach me, O *Pan*! to tune the slender reed,  
No fav'rite ram shall at thine altars bleed;  
Each breathing morn thy woodland verse I'll sing,  
And hollow dens shall with the numbers ring.

**A L E X I S.**

*Apollo*, lend me thy celestial lyre,  
The woods in concert join at thy desire:



At morn, at noon, at night, I'll tune the lay,  
And bid fleet Echo bear the sound away.

D A M O N.

Sweet are the breezes, when cool eve returns;  
To lowing herds, when raging *Syrus* burns :  
Not half so sweetly winds the breeze along,  
As does the murmur of your pleasing song.

A L E X I S.

To hear your strains the cattle spurn their food,  
The feather'd songsters leave their tender brood ;  
Around your seat the silent lambs advance,  
And scrambling he-goats on the mountains dance.

D A M O N.

But haste, *Alexis*, reach yon leafy shade,  
Which mantling ivy round the oaks hath made ;  
There we'll retire, and lift the warbling note  
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat ;  
Your easy numbers shall his songs inspire,  
And ev'ry warbler join the gen'ral choir.

## P A S T O R A L II.

N O O N.

C O R Y D O N. T I M A N T H E S.

C O R Y D O N.

**T**HE sun the summit of his orb hath gain'd,  
No flecker'd clouds his azure path hath  
rain'd ;

Our



Our pregnant ewes around us cease to graze,  
 Stung with the keenness of his sultry rays;  
 The weary bullock from the yoke is led,  
 And youthful shepherds from the plains are fled  
 To dusky shades, where scarce a glimm'ring ray  
 Can dart its lustre thro' the leafy spray.  
 Yon cooling riv'let where the waters gleam,  
 Where springing flow'rs adorn the limpid stream,  
 Invites us where the drooping willow grows,  
 To guide our flocks, and take a cool repose.

T I M A N T H E S.

To thy advice a grateful ear I'll lend,  
 The shades I'll court where slender osiers bend;  
 Our weanlings young shall crop the rising flow'r,  
 While we retire to yonder twining bow'r;  
 The woods shall echo back thy cheerful strains,  
 Admir'd by all our Caledonian swains.

C O R Y D O N.

There have I oft with gentle *Delia* stray'd,  
 Amidst th' embow'ring solitary shade;  
 Before the gods to thwart my wishes strove,  
 By blasting ev'ry pleasing glimpse of love;  
 For *Delia* wanders o'er the *Anglian* plains,  
 Where civil discord and sedition reigns.  
 There *Scotia's* sons in odious light appear,  
 Tho' we for them have wav'd the hostile spear;  
 For them my fire, enwrapp'd in curdled gore,  
 Breath'd his last moments on a foreign shore.

## T I M A N T H E S.

Six lunar months, my friend, will soon expire,  
 And she return to crown your fond desire.  
 For her O rack not your desponding mind !  
 In Delia's breast a gen'rous flame's confin'd,  
 That burns for Corydon, whose piping lay  
 Hath caus'd the tedious moments steal away :  
 Whose strains melodious mov'd the falling floods  
 To whisper Delia to the rising woods.  
 O ! if your sighs could aid the floating gales,  
 That favourably swell their lofty sails,  
 Ne'er should your fobs their rapid flight give o'er  
 Till Delia's presence grac'd our northern shore.

## C O R Y D O N.

Though Delia greet my love, I sigh in vain,  
 Such joy unbounded can I ne'er obtain.  
 Her fire a thousand fleeces numbers o'er,  
 And grassy hills increase his milky store ;  
 While the weak fences of a scanty fold  
 Will all my sheep and fatt'ning lambkins hold.

## T I M A N T H E S.

Ah, hapless youth ! although the early muse  
 Painted her semblance on thy youthful brows ;  
 Tho' she with laurels twin'd thy temples round,  
 And in thy ear distill'd the magic sound ;  
 A cheerless poverty attends thy woes,  
 Your song melodious unrewarded flows.

## C O R Y D O N.

## CORYDON.

Think not, *Timanthes*, that for wealth I pine,  
 Tho' all the fates to make me poor combine ;  
 Tay bounding o'er his banks with awful sway,  
 Bore all my corns and all my flocks away.  
 Of Jove's dread precepts did I 'ere complain ?  
 'Ere curse the rapid flood or dashing rain ?  
 Ev'n now I sigh not for my former store,  
 But with the Gods had destin'd Delia poor.

## TIMANTHES.

'Tis joy, my friend, to think I can repay  
 The loss you bore by Autumn's rigid sway.  
 Yon fertile meadow where the dailies spring  
 Shall yearly pasture to your heifers bring :  
 Your flock with mine shall on yon mountain feed,  
 Chear'd by the warbling of your tuneful reed :  
 No more shall Delia's ever-fretful fire  
 Against your hopes and ardent love conspire.  
 Rous'd by her smiles you'll tune the happy lay,  
 While hills responsive waft your songs away.

## CORYDON.

May plenteous crops your irksome labour crown,  
 May hoodwink'd fortune cease her envious frown ;  
 May riches still increase with growing years ;  
 Your flocks be numerous as your silver hairs.

## TIMANTHES.

But lo ! the heats invite us at our ease  
 To court the twining shades and cooling breeze ;  
 Our languid joints we'll peaceably recline,  
 And 'midst the flowers and opening blossoms dine.

## PASTORAL

## PASTORAL III.

## NIGHT.

AMYNTAS. FLORELLUS.

AMYNTAS.

**W**HILE yet grey twilight does his empire hold,

Drive all our heifers to the peaceful fold ;  
 With sullied wing grim darkness soars along,  
 And larks to nightingales resign the song :  
 The weary ploughman flies the waving fields,  
 To taste what fare his humble cottage yields :  
 As bees that daily thro' the meadows roam :  
 Feed on the sweets they have prepar'd at home.

FLORELLUS.

The grassy meads that smil'd serenely gay,  
 Chear'd by the ever-burning lamp of day ;  
 In dusky hue attir'd, are cramp'd with cold,  
 And springing flow'rets shut their crimson folds.

AMYNTAS.

What awful silence reigns throughout the shade,  
 The peaceful olive bends his drooping head ;  
 No sound is heard o'er all the gloomy maze,  
 Wide o'er the deep the fiery meteors blaze.

FLORELLUS.

The west yet ting'd with Sol's effulgent ray,  
 With feeble light illumines our homeward way ;

The



The glowing stars with keener lustre burn,  
While round the earth their glowing axes turn.

AMYNTAS.

What mighty power conducts the stars on high !  
Who bids these comets through our system fly !  
Who wafts the lightning to the icy pole !  
And thro' our regions bids the thunders roll !

FLORELLUS.

But say, what mightier pow'r from nought could  
raise

The earth, the sun, and all that fiery maze  
Of distant stars that gild the azure sky,  
And thro' the void in settled orbits fly ?

AMYNTAS.

That righteous pow'r before whose heav'nly eye  
The stars are nothing and the planets die ;  
Whose breath divine supports our mortal frame,  
Who made the lion wild and lambkin tame.

FLORELLUS.

At his command the bounteous spring returns ;  
Hot summer, raging o'er th' Atlantic, burns ;  
The yellow autumn crowns our sultry toil ;  
And winter's snows prepare the cumb'rous soil.

AMYNTAS.

By him the morning darts his purple ray ;  
To him the birds their early homage pay ;  
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,  
While swains in concert heav'nly praises sing.

FLORELLUS.

FLORELLUS.



FLORELLUS.

Sway'd by his word, the nutrient dews descend,  
And growing pastures to the moisture bend ;  
The vernal blossoms sip his falling showers ;  
The meads are garnish'd with his op'ning flowers.

AMYN TAS.

For *man*, the object of his chiefest care,  
Fowls he hath form'd to wing the ambient air,  
For him the *steer* his lusty neck doth bend ;  
Fishes for him their scaly fins extend.

FLORELLUS.

Wide o'er the orient sky the moon appears,  
A foe to darkness and his idle fears ;  
Around her orb the stars in clustres shine,  
And distant planets 'tend her silver shrine.

AMYN TAS.

Hush'd are the busy numbers of the day ;  
On downy couch they sleep their hours away ;  
Hail, balmy Sleep, that sooths the troubled mind !  
Lock'd in thy arms our cares a refuge find.  
Oft do you tempt us with delusive dreams,  
When wild'ring Fancy darts her dazzling beams ;  
Asleep the lover with his mistress strays  
Thro' lonely thickets and untrodden ways.  
But when pale Cynthia's sable empire's fled,  
And hov'ring slumbers shun the morning bed,  
Rous'd by the dawn, he wakes with frequent sigh,  
And all his flattering visions quickly fly.

FLORELLUS.

FLORELLUS.

## FLORELLUS.

Now owls and bats infect the midnight scene,  
 Dire snakes invenom'd twine along the green;  
 Forsook by man the rivers mourning glide,  
 And groaning echoes swell the noisy tide,  
 Straight to our cottage let us bend our way;  
 My drowsy pow'rs confess sleep's magic sway.  
 Easy and calm upon our couch we'll lie,  
 While sweet reviving slumbers round our pillows fly.

## THE COMPLAINT.

## A PASTORAL.

**N**EAR the heart of a fair spreading grove,  
 Whose foliage shaded the green,  
 A shepherd, repining at love,  
 In anguish was heard to complain.

O Cupid! thou wanton young boy!  
 Since, with thy invifible dart,  
 Thou haft robb'd a fond youth of his joy,  
 In return grant the wifh of his heart.

Send a fhaft fo fevere from thy bow  
 (His pining, his fighs to remove),  
 That STELLA, once wounded, may know  
 How keen are the arrows of love.

No fwain once fo happy as I,  
 Nor tun'd with more pleafure the reed;

My

My breast never vented a sigh;  
Till STELLA approach'd the gay mead.

With mirth, with contentment endow'd,

My hours they flew wantonly by;

I sought no repose in the wood,

Nor from my few sheep would I fly.

Now my reed I have carelessly broke,

Its melody pleases no more;

I pay no regard to a flock

That seldom hath wander'd before.

O STELLA! whose beauty so fair

Excels the bright splendor of day,

Ah! have you no pity to share

With DAMON thus fall'n to decay?

For you have I quitted the plain,

Forfaken my sheep and my fold;

For you in dull languor and pain,

My tedious moments are told.

For you have my roses grown pale,

They have faded untimely away;

And will not such beauty bewail

A shepherd thus fall'n to decay?

Since your eyes still requite me with scorn,

And kill with their merciless ray,

Like a star at the dawning of morn,

I fall to their lustre a prey.

Some

Some swain who shall mournfully go  
 To whisper love's sigh to the shade,  
 Will hap'ly some charity show,  
 And under the turf see me laid.

Would my love but in pity appear  
 On the spot where he moulds my cold grave,  
 And bedew the green sod with a tear,  
 'Tis all the remembrance I crave.

*To the swaird then his visage he turn'd ;  
 'Twas wan as the lilies in May ;  
 Fair Stella may see him inurn'd,  
 He bath fig'd all his sorrows away.*

## THE DECAY OF FRIENDSHIP.

### A PASTORAL ELEGY.

**W**HEN gold, man's sacred deity, did smile,  
 My friends were plenty, and my sorrows  
 few ;

Mirth, love, and bumpers did my hours beguile,  
 And arrow'd Cupids round my slumbers flew.  
 What shepherd then could boast more happy days ?  
 My lot was envied by each humbler swain ;  
 Each bard in smooth eulogium sung my praise,  
 And DAMON listen'd to the guileful strain.

FLATTERY, alluring as the Syren's lay,  
 And as deceitful thy enchanting tongue,

B

How



How have you taught my wav'ring mind to stray,  
 Charm'd and attracted by the baneful song?

My pleasant cottage, shelter'd from the gale,  
 Arose with moss, and rural ivy bound;  
 And scarce a flow'ret in my lowly vale,  
 But was with bees of various colours crown'd.

Free o'er my lands the neighb'ring flocks could  
 roam;

How welcome were the swains and flocks to me!  
 The shepherds kindly were invited home,  
 To chase the hours in merriment and glee.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,  
 Strephon with voice melodious tun'd the song;  
 Each sylvan youth the sounding chorus join'd,  
 Fraught with contentment 'midst the festive  
 throng.

My clust'ring grape compens'd their magic skill,  
 The bowl capacious swell'd in purple tide;  
 To shepherds, lib'ral as the chrystal rill,  
 Spontaneous gurgling from the mountain's side.

But ah! these youthful sportive hours are fled;  
 These scenes of jocund mirth are now no more;  
 No healing slumbers 'tend my humble bed,  
 No friends condole the sorrows of the poor.

And what avail the thoughts of former joy?  
 What comfort bring they in the adverse hour?

Can

Can they the canker-worm of care destroy,  
Or brighten fortune's discontented tour?

He who hath long travers'd the fertile plain,  
Where Nature in its fairest vesture smil'd,  
Will he not chearless view the fairy scene,  
When lonely wand'ring o'er the barren wild?

For now pale Poverty, with haggard eye  
And rueful aspect, darts her gloomy ray;  
My wonted guests their proffer'd aid deny,  
And from the paths of DAMON steal away.

Thus when fair Summer's lustre gilds the lawn,  
When rip'ning blossoms deck the spreading tree,  
The birds with melody salute the dawn,  
And o'er the daisy hangs the humming-bee.

But when the beauties of the circling year  
In chilling frosts and furious storms decay;  
No more the bees upon the plains appear,  
No more the warblers hail the infant day.

To the lone corner of some distant shore,  
In dreary devious pilgrimage I'll fly,  
And wander pensive where Deceit no more  
Shall trace my footsteps with a mortal eye:

There solitary saunter o'er the beach,  
And to the murm'ring surge my griefs disclose;  
There shall my voice in plaintive wailings teach  
The hollow caverns to resound my woes.

Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;  
 Sweet are the blossoms to the wanton bee;  
 Sweet to the shepherd sounds the lark's shrill song;  
 But sweeter far is SOLITUDE to me.

Adieu, ye fields, where I have fondly stray'd!  
 Ye swains, who once the fav'rite DAMON knew!  
 Farewell, ye sharers of my bounty's aid!  
 Ye sons of base Ingratitude, adieu!

---

*Against repining at FORTUNE.*

THO' in my narrow bounds of rural toil,  
 No *obelisk* or splendid column rise;  
 Tho' partial Fortune still averts her smile,  
 And views my labours with condemning eyes;

Yet all the gorgeous vanity of state  
 I can contemplate with a cool disdain;  
 Nor shall the honours of the gay and great  
 E'er wound my bosom with an envious pain.

Avails it aught the grandeur of their halls,  
 With all the glories of the *pencil* hung,  
 If Truth, fair Truth! within th' unhallow'd walls  
 Hath never whisper'd with her *seraph* tongue?

Avails it aught, if music's gentle lay  
 Hath oft been echo'd by the sounding dome;  
 If *music* cannot soothe their griefs away,  
 Or change a wretched to a happy home?

The

Tho' Fortune should invest them with her spoils,  
 And banish *poverty* with look severe,  
 Enlarge their confines, and decrease their toils,  
 Ah! what avails if she increase their care?

Tho' fickle she disclaim my moss-grown cot,  
*Nature!* thou look'st with more impartial eyes:  
 Smile thou, fair goddess! on my sober lot;  
 I'll neither fear her fall, nor court her rise.

When early larks shall cease the *matin* song;  
 When Philomel at night resigns her lays;  
 When melting numbers to the owl belong,  
 Then shall the *reed* be silent in thy praise.

Can he, who with the tide of Fortune sails,  
 More pleasure from the sweets of *Nature* share?  
 Do zephyrs waft him more ambrosial gales,  
 Or do his groves a gayer liv'ry wear?

To me the heav'ns unveil as pure a sky;  
 To me the flow'rs as rich a bloom disclose;  
 The morning beams as radiant to my eye,  
 And darkness guides me to as sweet repose.

If Luxury their lavish dainties piles,  
 And still attends upon their fated hours,  
 Doth Health reward them with her open smiles,  
 Or Exercise enlarge their feeble pow'rs?

'Tis not in richest mines of Indian gold,  
 That Man this jewel *happiness* can find,



If his unfeeling breast, to *virtue* cold,  
 Denies her entrance to his ruthless mind.  
 Wealth, pomp, and honour are but gaudy toys ;  
 Alas, how poor the pleasures they impart !  
*Virtue's* the sacred source of all the joys  
 That claim a lasting mansion in the heart.

---

### CONSCIENCE. *An ELEGY.*

——— *Leave her to Heav'n,*  
*And to the thorns that in her bosom lodge,*  
*To prick and sting her.* — SHAKES.

**N**O choiring warblers flutter in the sky ;  
 Phoebus no longer holds his radiant sway ;  
 While Nature, with a melancholy eye,  
 Bemoans the loss of his departed ray.

O happy he, whose conscience knows no guile !  
 He to the sable night can bid farewell ;  
 From cheerless objects close his eyes awhile,  
 Within the silken folds of Sleep to dwell.

Elysian dreams shall hover round his bed,  
 His soul shall wing, on pleasing fancies borne,  
 To shining vales where flow'rets lift their head,  
 Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

But wretched he whose foul reproachful deeds  
 Can thro' an angry conscience wound his rest ;  
 His

His eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,

Tho' Slumber seldom knows him as her guest.

To calm the raging tumults of his soul,

If wearied Nature should an hour demand,

Around his bed the sheeted spectres howl,

Red with revenge the grinning furies stand.

Nor state nor grandeur can his pain allay ;

Where shall he find a requiem to his woes ?

Pow'r cannot chase the frightful gloom away,

Nor music lull him to a kind repose.

Where is the king that Conscience fears to chide ?

Conscience, that candid judge of right and wrong,

Will o'er the secrets of each heart preside,

Nor aw'd by pomp, nor tam'd by soothing song.

### DAMON TO HIS FRIENDS.

**T**HE billows of life are suppress'd,

Its tumults, its toils disappear,

To relinquish the storms that are past,

I think on the sunshine that's near.

Dame Fortune and I are agreed ;

Her frowns I no longer endure ;

For the goddess has kindly decreed,

That Damon no more shall be poor.

Now

Now riches will ope the dim eyes,  
 To view the increase of my store;  
 And many my friendship will prize  
 Who never knew Damon before.

But those I renounce and abjure,  
 Who carried contempt in their eye;  
 May poverty still be their dow'r,  
 That could look on misfortune awry!

Ye pow'rs that weak mortals govern,  
 Keep pride at his bay from my mind;  
 O let me not haughtily learn  
 To despise the few friends that were kind.

For theirs was a feeling sincere,  
 'Twas free from delusion and art;  
 O may I that friendship revere,  
 And hold it yet dear to my heart!

By which was I ever forgot?  
 It was both my physician and cure,  
 That still found the way to my cot,  
 Altho' I was wretched and poor:

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care;  
 The wound of affliction it heal'd:  
 In distress it was Pity's soft tear,  
 And naked cold Poverty's shield.

Attend, ye kind youth of the plain!  
 Who oft with my sorrows condol'd;

You

You cannot be deaf to the strain,  
 Since Damon is maker of gold.

I have chose a sweet sylvan retreat,  
 Bedeck'd with the beauties of spring;  
 Around my flocks nibble and bleat,  
 While the musical choristers sing.

I force not the waters to stand  
 In an artful canal at my door,  
 But a river, at Nature's command,  
 Fleanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddess that darkens my bow'rs  
 With tendrils of ivy and vine;  
 She tutors my shrubs and my flow'rs,  
 Her taste is the standard of mine.

What a pleasing diversified groupe  
 Of trees has she spread o'er my ground!  
 She has taught the grave *laryx* to droop,  
 And the birch to deal odours around.

For whom has she perfum'd my groves?  
 For whom has she cluster'd my vine?  
 If friendship despise my alcoves,  
 They'll ne'er be recesses of mine.

He who tastes his grape juices by stealth,  
 Without chosen companions to share,  
 Is the basest of slaves to his wealth,  
 And the pitiful minion of care.

O come,



Come, and with Damon retire  
 Amidst the green umbrage embower'd;  
 Your mirth and your songs to inspire,  
 Shall the juice of his vintage be pour'd;  
 O come, ye dear friends of his youth!  
 Of all his good fortune partake;  
 Nor think 'tis departing from truth,  
 To say 'twas preserv'd for your sake.

---

### RETIREMENT.

**C**OME, Inspiration, from thy vernal bow'r,  
 To thy celestial voice attune the lyre;  
 Smooth gliding strains in sweet profusion pour,  
 And aid my numbers with seraphic fire.  
 Under a lonely spreading oak I lay,  
 My head upon the daisied green reclin'd,  
 The ev'ning sun beam'd forth his parting ray,  
 The foliage bended to the hollow wind.  
 There gentle sleep my aching pow'rs suppress,  
 The city's distant hum was heard no more;  
 Yet Fancy suffer'd not the mind to rest,  
 Ever obedient to her wakeful pow'r.  
 She led me near a chrystal fountain's noise,  
 Where undulating waters sportive play;  
 Where a young comely swain, with pleasing voice,  
 In tender accents sung his sylvan lay.

“ Adieu,

- " Adieu, ye baneful pleasures of the town !  
 " Farewell, ye giddy and unthinking throng !  
 " Without regret your foibles I disown ;  
 " Themes more exalted claim the Muse's song.  
 " Your stony hearts no social feelings share ;  
 " Your souls of distant sorrows ne'er partake ;  
 " Ne'er do you listen to the needy pray'r,  
 " Nor drop a tear for tender pity's sake.  
 " Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves !  
 " Ye flow'ry meadows, and extensive plains !  
 " Where soaring warblers pour their plaintive  
   loves,  
 " Each landscape chearing with their vocal  
   strains.  
 " Here rural Beauty rears her pleasing shrine ;  
 " She on the margin of each streamlet glows ;  
 " Where, with the blooming hawthorn roses twine,  
 " And the fair lily of the valley grows.  
 " Here Chastity may wander unassail'd  
 " Thro' fields where gay seducers cease to rove ;  
 " Where open Vice o'er Virtue near prevail'd ;  
 " Where all is innocence, and all is love.  
 " Peace with her olive wand triumphant reigns,  
 " Guarding secure the peasant's humble bed ;  
 " Envy is banish'd from the happy plains,  
 " And Defamation's busy tongue is laid.  
 " Health

- " Health and Contentment usher in the morn,  
 " With jocund smiles they cheer the rural swain,  
 " For which the Peer, to pompous titles born,  
 " Forsaken sighs, but all his sighs are vain.  
 " For the calm comforts of an easy mind,  
 " In yonder lonely cot delight to dwell,  
 " And leave the statesman for the lab'ring hind,  
 " The regal palace for the lowly cell.  
 " Ye, who to Wisdom would devote your hours,  
 " And far from riot, far from discord stray!  
 " Look back disdainful on the city's tow'rs,  
 " Where Pride, where Folly point the slipp'ry  
     way.  
 " Pure flows the limpid stream in chrystal tides,  
 " Thro' rocks, thro' dens, and ever verdant  
     vales,  
 " Till to the town's unhallow'd wall it glides,  
 " Where all its purity and lustre fails."
- 

### ODE TO HOPE.

**H** OPE! lively chearer of the mind,  
     In lieu of real bliss design'd,  
 Come from thy ever verdant bow'r  
 To chase the dull and ling'ring hour;  
 O! bring, attending on thy reign,  
 All thy ideal fairy train,

To animate the lifeless clay,  
And bear my sorrows hence away.

Hence gloomy featur'd black Despair;  
With all thy frantic furies fly,  
Nor rend my breast with gnawing care,  
For Hope in lively garb is nigh;

Let pining Discontentment mourn,  
Let dull ey'd Melancholy grieve,  
Since pleasing Hope must reign by turn,  
And ev'ry bitter thought relieve.

O smiling Hope! in adverse hour  
I feel thy influencing pow'r:  
Tho' frowning Fortune fix my lot,  
In some defenceless lonely cot,  
Where Poverty, with empty hands,  
In pallid meagre aspect stands;  
Thou can'st enrobe me, 'midst the great,  
With all the crimson pomp of state,  
Where Luxury invites his guests  
To pall them with his lavish feasts:  
What cave so dark, what gloom so drear,  
So black with horror, dead with fear!  
But thou can'st dart thy streaming ray,  
And change close night to open day.

Health is attendant in thy radiant train,  
Round her the whisp'ring zephyrs gently play,  
Behold her gladly tripping o'er the plain,  
Bedeck'd with rural sweets and garlands gay.



When vital spirits are depress'd,  
 And heavy languor clogs the breast,  
 Comforting hope ! 'tis thine to cure,  
 Devoid of Esculapian power ;  
 For oft thy friendly aid avails,  
 When all the strength of phyfic fails.

Nay, even tho' death should aim his dart,  
 I know he lifts his arm in vain,  
 Since thou this lesson can'st impart,  
 Mankind but die to live again.

Depriv'd of thee must banners fall ;  
 But where a living Hope is found,  
 The legions shout at danger's call,  
 And victors are triumphant crown'd.

Come then, bright Hope ! in smiles array'd,  
 Revive us by thy quick'ning breath,  
 Then shall we never be afraid  
 To walk thro' danger and thro' death.

## THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.

AN ODE.

*Set to Music by Mr. COLLETT.*

O'ER SCOTIA's parched land the NAIADS flew,  
 From towering hills explor'd her shelter'd  
       vales,  
 Caus'd Forth in wild meanders please the view,  
 And lift her waters to the zephyr's gales.]

Where

Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fields,  
And reaps the plenty which his harvest yields.

Here did these lovely nymphs unseen,  
Oft wander by the river's side,  
And oft unbind their tresses green,  
To bathe them in the fluid tide.

Then to the shady grottos would retire,  
And sweetly echo to the warbling choir ;

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,  
To call up echo from the woods,  
Or from the rocks or chrystal floods,  
Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

# C H O R U S.

Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,  
To call up echo from the woods,  
Or from the rocks or chrystal floods,  
Or from surrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

When the cool fountains first their springs forsook,  
Murmuring smoothly to the azure main,  
Exulting *Neptune* then his trident shook,  
And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.  
The friendly Tritons on his chariot born,  
With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-sounding  
horn.

Now *Lothian* and *Fifan* shores,  
Resounding to the mermaid's song,

Gladly emit their limpid stores,  
 And bid them smoothly sail along  
 To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll  
 Round the revolving sphere from pole to pole ;  
 To guard *Britannia* from envious foes,  
 To view her angry vengeance hurl'd  
 In awful thunder round the world,  
 And trembling nations bending to her blows.

## C H O R U S.

To guard *Britannia* from envious foes,  
 To view her angry vengeance hurl'd,  
 In awful thunder round the world,  
 And trembling nations bending to her blows.  
 High towering on the zephyr's breezy wing,  
 Swift fly the *Naiads* from FORTH's shores,  
 And to the southern airy mountains bring  
 Their sweet enchantment and their magic powers.  
 Each nymph her favourite willow takes,  
 The earth with ferv'rous tremour shakes,  
 The stagnant lakes obey their call,  
 Streams o'er the grassy pastures fall.  
 TWEED spreads her waters to the lucid ray,  
 Upon the dimpled surf the sun-beams play :  
 On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,  
 Charm'd with the music of his reed,  
 Amidst the wavings of the Tweed :  
 From sky-reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.

## C H O R U S.

## C H O R U S.

On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,  
 Charm'd with the music of his reed,  
 Amidst the wavings of the Tweed :  
 From sky-reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.  
 The list'ning muses heard the shepherds play,  
 Fame with her brazen trumpet proclaim'd his name,  
 And to attend the easy graceful lay,  
 PAN from *Arcadia* to *Tweda* came.  
 Fond of the change, along the banks he stray'd,  
 And sung unmindful of th' *Arcadian* shade.

## A I R, TWEEDSIDE.

## I.

Attend every fanciful swain,  
 Whose notes softly flow from the reed,  
 With harmony guide the sweet strain,  
 To sing of the beauties of Tweed.

## II.

Where the music of woods and of streams  
 In soothing sweet melody join,  
 To enliven your pastoral themes,  
 And make human numbers divine.

## C H O R U S.

Ye warblers from the vocal grove,  
 The tender woodland strain approve,  
 While Tweed in smoother cadence glides,  
 O'er flow'ry vales in gentle tides ;



And as she rolls her silver waves along,  
 Murmurs and sighs to quit the rural song,  
 SCOTIA'S great GENIUS in *ruflet* clad,  
 From the cool sedgey bank exalts her head,  
 In joyful rapture she the change espies,  
 Sees living streams descend and groves arise.

A I R, \* GILDEROY.

I.

As fable clouds at early day  
 Oft dim the shining skies,  
 So gloomy thoughts create dismay,  
 And lustre leaves her eyes.

II.

" Ye powers ! are Scotia's ample fields  
 " With so much beauty grac'd,  
 " To have those sweets your bounty yields  
 " By foreign foes defac'd ?

III.

" O Jove ! at whose supreme command  
 " The limpid fountains play,  
 " O'er *Caledonia's* northern land  
 " Let restless waters stray.

IV.

" Since from the void creation rose,  
 " Thou'lt made a sacred vow,  
 " That *Caledon* to foreign foes  
 " Should ne'er be known to bow."

The

The mighty Thund'rer on his sapphire throne,  
 In mercy's robes attir'd, heard the sweet voice  
 Of female woe—soft as the moving song  
 Of Philomela 'midst the evening shades ;  
 And thus return'd an answer to her pray'rs :

- “ Where birks at Nature's call arise ;  
 “ Where fragrance hails the vaulted skies ;  
 “ Where my own oak its umbrage spreads,  
 “ Delightful 'midst the woody shades ;  
 “ Where ivy mould'ring rocks entwines ;  
 “ Where breezes bend the lofty pines :  
 “ There shall the laughing NAIADS stray,  
 “ 'Midst the sweet banks of winding Tay.”

From the dark womb of earth Tay's waters spring,

Ordain'd by Jove's unalterable voice ;  
 The founding lyre celestial muses string,  
 The choring songsters in the groves rejoice.

Each fount its chrystal fluids pours,

Which from surrounding mountains flow ;  
 The river bathes its verdant shores,  
 Cool o'er the turf the breezes blow.

Let England's sons extoll their gardens fair,

Scotland may freely boast her gen'rous streams,  
 Their soil more fertile and their milder air,  
 Her fishes sporting in the solar beams.

*Thames, Humber, Severn*, all must yield the bay  
 To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

CHORUS.

## CHORUS.

*Thames, Humber, Severn*, all must yield the bay  
To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

O Scotia ! when such beauty claims  
A mansion near thy flowing streams,  
Ne'er shall stern Mars, in iron car,  
Drive his proud courfers to the war :  
But fairy forms shall strew around  
Their olives on the peaceful ground ;  
And turtles join the warbling throng,  
To usher in the morning song.  
Or shout in chorus all the live-long day,  
From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

When gentle Phœbe's friendly light  
In silver radiance clothes the night ;  
Still music's ever-varying strains  
Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns ;  
And woo them to her midnight bowers,  
Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,  
Where ev'ry rock, and hill, and dale,  
With echoes greet the nightingale,  
Whose pleasing, soft, pathetic tongue,  
To kind condolance turns the song ;  
And often wins the love-sick swain to stray  
To hear the tender variegated lay,  
Thro' the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

Hail,

Hail, native streams, and native groves !  
Oozy caverns, green alcoves !

Retreats for Cytherea's reign,  
With all the graces in her train.

Hail, Fancy, thou whose ray so bright  
Dispels the glimm'ring taper's light !

Come in aerial vesture blue,

Ever pleasing, ever new,

In these recesses deign to dwell

With me in yonder moss-clad cell :

Then shall my reed successful tune the lay,

In numbers wildly warbling as they stray

Thro' the glad banks of Forth, Tweed, and Tay.

## THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRASTED.

*In an EPISTLE to a FRIEND.*

**F**ROM noisy bustle, from contention free,  
Far from the busy town I careless loll,  
Not like swain *Tityrus*, or the bards of old,  
Under a beechen, venerable shade ;  
But on a furzy heath, where blooming broom  
And thorny whins the spacious plains adorn :  
Here health sits smiling on my youthful brow ;  
For 'ere the sun beams forth his earliest ray,  
And all the east with yellow radiance crowns ;  
E'er dame Aurora, from her purple bed,

'Gins



'Gins with her kindling blush to paint the sky,  
 The soaring lark, morn's chearful harbinger,  
 And linnet joyful flutt'ring from the bush,  
 Stretch their small throats in vocal melody,  
 To hail the dawn, and drowsy sleep exhale  
 From man, frail man! on downy softness stretch'd.

Such pleasing scenes *Edina* cannot boast;  
 For there the slothful slumber seal'd mine eyes,  
 Till nine successive strokes the clock had knell'd.  
 There not the lark, but filhwives noisy screams,  
 And inundations plung'd from ten house height,  
 With smell more fragrant than the spicy groves  
 Of *Indus*, fraught with all her orient stores,  
 Rous'd me from sleep; not sweet refreshing sleep,  
 But sleep infested with the burning sting  
 Of *bug* infernal, who the live-long night  
 With direst suction sipp'd my liquid gore.  
 There gloomy vapours in our zenith reign'd,  
 And fill'd with irksome pestilence the air.  
 There ling'ring sickness held his feeble court,  
 Rejoicing in the havock he had made;  
 And Death, grim Death! with all his ghastly train,  
 Watch'd the broke slumbers of *Edina's* sons.

Hail, rosy health! thou pleasing antidote  
 'Gainst troubling cares! all hail thou rural fields,  
 Those winding rivulets and verdant shades,  
 Where thou the heav'n-born Goddess deign'st to  
 dwell!

With

With thee the hind, upon his simple fare,  
 Lives chearful, and from Heav'n no more demands.  
 But ah! how vast, how terrible the change  
 With him who night by night in sickness pines!  
 Him nor his splendid equipage can please,  
 Nor all the pageantry the world can boast;  
 Nay, not the consolation of his friends  
 Can aught avail: his hours are anguish all,  
 Nor cease till envious death has clos'd the scene.

But, *Carlos*; if we court this maid celestial,  
 Whether we thro' meand'ring rivers stray,  
 Or 'midst the city's jarring noise remain,  
 Let temperance, health's blyth concomitant,  
 To our desires and appetites set bounds,  
 Else, cloy'd at last, we surfeit every joy;  
 Our slack'ned nerves reject their wonted spring;  
 We reap the fruits of our unkindly lusts,  
 And feebly totter to the silent grave.

### ODE TO PITY.

TO what sequester'd gloomy shade  
 Hath ever gentle Pity stray'd?

What brook is water'd from her eyes?

What gales convey her tender sighs?

Unworthy of her grateful lay,

She hath despis'd the great, the gay;

Nay,

Nay, all the feelings she imparts  
Are far estrang'd from human hearts.

Ah Pity ! whether wouldst thou fly  
From human heart, from human eye ?  
Are desert woods and twilight groves  
The scenes the sobbing pilgrim loves ?  
If there thou dwell'st, O Pity, say  
In what lone path you pensive stray.  
I'll know thee by the lily's hue,  
Besprinkl'd with the morning's dew :  
For thou wilt never blush to wear  
The pallid look and falling tear.

In broken cadence from thy tongue,  
Oft have we heard the mournful song ;  
Oft have we view'd the loaded bier  
Bedew'd with Pity's softest tear.  
Her sighs and tears were ne'er deny'd  
When innocence and virtue died.  
But in this black and iron age,  
Where Vice and all his dæmons rage,  
Tho' bells in solemn peals are rung,  
Tho' dirge in mournful verse is sung ;  
Soon will the vain parade be o'er,  
Their name, their mem'ry be no more :  
Who love and innocence despis'd,  
And ev'ry virtue sacrific'd.  
Here Pity, as a statue dumb,  
Will pay no tribute to the tomb ;

Or wake the memory of those  
Who never felt for others woes.

Thou mistress of the feeling heart !  
Thy pow'rs of sympathy impart.  
If mortals would but fondly prize  
Thy falling tears, thy passing sighs,  
Then should wan poverty no more  
Walk feebly from the rich man's door ;  
Humility should vanquish pride,  
And vice be drove from virtue's side :  
Then happiness at length should reign,  
And golden age begin again.

---

# ON THE COLD MONTH OF APRIL 1777.

*Oh ! who can hold a fire in his hand  
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus ;  
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite  
By bare imagination of a feast ;  
Or wallow naked in December's snow  
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat.*

SHAKESP. RICH. II.

**P**OETS in vain have hail'd the op'ning spring,  
In tender accents woo'd the blooming maid,  
In vain have taught the April birds to wing  
Their flight thro' fields in verdant hue array'd.

D

The



The muse in ev'ry season taught to sing  
 Amidst the desert snows by fancy's powers,  
 Can elevated soar, on placid wing,  
 To climes where spring her kindest influence  
 showers.

April, once famous for the zephyr mild,  
 For sweets that early in the garden grow,  
 Say, how converted to this cheerless wild,  
 Rushing with torrents of dissolving snow.

Nurs'd by the moisture of a gentle shower,  
 Thy foliage oft hath sounded to the breeze;  
 Oft did thy choristers melodious pour  
 Their melting numbers thro' the shady trees.

Fair have I seen thy morn, in smiles array'd,  
 With crimson blush bepaint the eastern sky;  
 But now the dawn creeps mournful o'er the glade,  
 Shrowded in colours of a sable dye.

So have I seen the fair with laughing eye,  
 And visage cheerful as the smiling morn,  
 Alternate changing for the heaving sigh,  
 Or frowning aspect of contemptuous scorn.

Life! What art thou?—a variegated scene  
 Of mingl'd light and shade, of joy and woe;  
 A sea where calms and storms promiscuous reign,  
 A stream where sweet and bitter jointly flow.

Mute

Mute are the plains ; the shepherd pipes no more ;  
 The reed's forsaken, and the tender flock,  
 While echo, listening to the tempest's roar,  
 In silence wanders o'er the beetling rock.

Winter, too potent for the solar ray,  
 Bestrides the blast, ascends his icy throne,  
 And views BRITANNIA, subject to his sway,  
 Floating emergent on the frigid zone.

Thou savage tyrant of the fretful sky !  
 Wilt thou for ever in our zenith reign ?  
 To Greenland's seas, congeal'd in chillness, fly,  
 Where howling monsters tread the bleak domain.

Relent, O Boreas ! leave thy frozen cell ;  
 Resign to Spring her portion of the year ;  
 Let west winds temp'rate wave the flowing gale,  
 And hills, and vales, and woods a vernal aspect  
 wear.

### THE SIMILE.

**A**T noontide as *Colin* and *Sylvia* lay  
 Within a cool jessamine bow'r,  
 A butterfly, wak'd by the heat of day,  
 Was sipping the juice of each flow'r.  
 Near the shade of this covert a young shepherd boy  
 The gaudy brisk flutterer spies,

D 2

Who

Who held it as pastime to seek and destroy  
Each beautiful insect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the rose,  
From the rose to the lily again,  
Till weary with tracing its motions, he chose  
To leave the pursuit with disdain.

Then *Colin* to *Sylvia* smilingly said,  
*Amyntor* has follow'd you long ;  
From him, like the butterfly, still have you fled,  
Tho' woo'd by his musical tongue.

Beware in persisting to start from his arms,  
But with his fond wishes comply ;  
Come, take my advice ; or he's pall'd with your  
charms,  
Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says *Sylvia*,—*Colin*, thy simile's just,  
But still to *Amyntor* I'm coy ;  
For I vow she's a simpleton blind that would trust  
A swain, when he courts to destroy.

## THE BUGS.

THOU source of song sublime ! thou chiefest  
Muse !

Whose sacred fountain of immortal fame  
Bedew'd the flow'rets cull'd for HOMER's brow,  
When

When he on Grecian plains the battles sung  
 Of frogs and mice : Do thou, thro' Fancy's maze  
 Of sportive pastime, lead a lowly Muse  
 Her rites to join, while, with a fault'ring voice,  
 She sings of reptiles yet in song unknown.

Nor you, ye bards ! who oft have struck the lyre,  
 And tun'd it to the movement of the spheres  
 In harmony divine, reproach the lays,  
 Which, tho' they wind not thro' the starry host  
 Of bright creation, or on earth delight  
 To hunt the murm'ring cadence of the floods,  
 Thro' scenes where Nature, with a hand profuse,  
 Hath lavish strew'd her gems of precious dye ;  
 Yet, in the small existence of a gnat,  
 Or tiny bug, doth she, with equal skill,  
 If not transcending, stamp her wonders there,  
 Only disclos'd to microscopic eye.

Of old the DRYADS near Edina's walls  
 Their mansions rear'd, and groves unnumber'd  
 rose

Of branching oak, spread beech, and lofty pine,  
 Under whose shade, to shun the noontide blaze,  
 Did Pan resort, with all his rural train  
 Of shepherds and of nymphs.—The DRYADS pleas'd  
 Would hail their sports, and summon Echo's voice  
 To send her greetings thro' the waving woods ;  
 But the rude ax, long brandish'd by the hand  
 Of daring innovation, shav'd the lawns ;



Then not a thicket or a copse remain'd  
 To sigh in concert with the breeze of eve,  
 Edina's mansions with lignarian art  
 Were pil'd and fronted.—Like an ARK she seem'd  
 To lie on mountain's top, with shapes replete,  
 Clean and unclean, that daily wander o'er  
 Her streets, that once were spacious, once were  
 gay.

To JOVE the DRAYADS pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,  
 For vengeance on her sons.—At midnight drear  
 Black show'rs descend, and teeming myriads rise  
 Of BUGS abhorrent, who by instinct steal  
 Thro' the diseased and corrosive pores  
 Of sapless trees, that late in forest stood  
 With all the majesty of summer crown'd.

By Jove's command dispers'd, they wander wide  
 O'er all the city.—Some their cells prepare  
 'Midst the rich trappings and the gay attire  
 Of state luxuriant, and are fond to press  
 The waving canopy's depending folds ;  
 While others, destin'd to an humbler fate,  
 Seek shelter from the dwellings of the poor,  
 Plying their nightly suction to the bed  
 Of toil'd *mechanic*, who, with folded arms,  
 Enjoys the comforts of a sleep so sound,  
 That not th' alarming sting of glutting Bug  
 To murd'rous deed can rouse his brawny arm  
 Upon the blood-swoln fiend, who basely steals  
 Life's genial current from his throbbing veins.

Happy

Happy were GRANDEURS, could the triumph here,  
 And banish from her halls each misery,  
 Which she must brook in common with the poor,  
 Who beg subsistence from her sparing hands;  
 Then might the rich, to fell disease unknown,  
 Indulge in fond excess, nor ever feel  
 The slowly creeping hours of restless night,  
 When shook with guilty horrors—But the wind,  
 Whose fretful gusts of anger shake the world,  
 Bear more destructive on th' aspiring roofs  
 Of dome and palace, than on cottage low,  
 That meets ÆOLUS with his gentler breath,  
 When safely shelter'd in the peaceful vale.

Is there a being breathes, howe'er so vile,  
 Too pitiful for Envy?—She, with venom'd tooth  
 And grinning madness, frowns upon the bliss  
 Of ev'ry species.—From the human form  
 That spurns the earth, and bends his mental eye  
 Thro' the profundity of space unknown,  
 Down to the crawling Bug's detested race.

Thus the lover pines, that reptile rude  
 Should 'midst the lilies of fair CHLOE's breast  
 Implant the deep carnation, and enjoy  
 Those sweets which angel modesty hath fear'd  
 From eyes profane—Yet murmur not, ye few  
 Who gladly would be Bugs for CHLOE's sake!  
 For soon, alas! the fluctuating gales  
 Of earthly joy invert the happy scene;  
 The breath of Spring may, with her balmy pow'r,  
 And

And warmth diffusive, give to Nature's face  
 Her brightest colours—But how short the space !  
 Till angry EVRUS, from his petrid cave,  
 Deform the year, and all these sweets annoy.

Ev'n so befalls it to this creeping race,  
 This envy'd commonwealth—For they a while  
 On CHLOE's bosom, alabaster fair,  
 May steal ambrosial bliss—or may regale  
 On the rich *viands* of luxurious blood,  
 Delighted and suffic'd. But mark the end :  
 Lo ! WHITSUNTIDE appears with gloomy train  
 Of growing desolation.—First, *Upholsterer* rude  
 Removes the waving drapery, where, for years,  
 A thriving colony of old and young  
 Had hid their numbers from the prying day ;  
 Anon they fall, and gladly would retire  
 To safer ambush, but his merc'less foot,  
 Ah, cruel pressure ! cracks their vital springs,  
 And with their deep dy'd scarlet smears the floor.

Sweet pow'rs ! has pity in the female breast  
 No tender residence—no lov'd abode,  
 To urge from murd'rous deed th' avenging hand  
 Of angry house-maid?—She'll have blood for blood !  
 For lo ! the boiling streams from copper tube,  
 Hot as her rage, sweep myriads to death.  
 Their carcases are destin'd to the urn  
 Of some chaste Naiad, that gives birth to floods,  
 Whose fragrant virtues hail Edina, fam'd

For

For yellow limpid—whose chaste name the Muse  
Thinks too exalted to retail in song.

Ah me! No longer they at midnight shade,  
With baneful sting, shall seek the downy couch  
Of slumb'ring mortals.—Nor shall love-sick swain,  
When, by the bubbling brook, in fairy dream,  
His nymph, but half reluctant to his wish,  
Is gently folded in his eager arms,  
E'er curse the shaft envenom'd, that disturbs  
His long-lov'd fancies.—Nor shall hungry bard,  
Whose strong imagination, whetted keen,  
Conveys him to the feast, be tantaliz'd  
With pois'nous tortures, when the cup, brimful  
Of purple vintage, gives him greater joy  
Than all the heliconian streams that play  
And murmur round Parnassus. Now the wretch  
Oft doom'd to restless days and sleepless nights,  
By bugbear Conscience thrall'd, enjoys an hour  
Of undisturb'd repose.—The miser too  
May brook his golden dreams, nor wake with fear  
That thieves or kindred (for no soul he'll trust)  
Have broke upon his chest, and strive to steal  
The shining idols of his useless hours.

Happy the Bug, whose unambitious views  
To gilded pomp ne'er tempt him to aspire;  
Safely may he, enwrapt in russet fold  
Of cobweb'd curtain, set at bay the fears  
That still attendant are on Bugs of state:  
He never knows at morn the busy brush



Of scrubbing chambermaid ; his coursing blood  
 Is ne'er obstructed with obnoxious dose  
 By OLIPHANT prepar'd—Too pois'nous drug !  
 As deadly fatal to this crawling tribe  
 As ball and powder to the sons of war.

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## A SATURDAY'S EXPEDITION.

IN MOCK HEROICS.

*Non mirę, sed vera, canam.*

**A**T that sweet period of revolving time  
 When Phœbus lingers not in Thetis' lap,  
 When twinkling stars their feeble influence shed,  
 And scarcely glimmer thro' th' ethereal vault,  
 Till Sol again his near approach proclaims,  
 With ray purpureal, and the blushing form  
 Of fair Aurora, goddess of the dawn,  
 Leading the winged coursers to the pole  
 Of Phœbus' car.---'Twas in that season fair,  
 When jocund Summer did the meads array  
 In Flora's rip'ning bloom—that we prepar'd  
 To break the bond of bus'ness, and to roam  
 Far from Edina's jarring noise a while.

Fair smil'd the wak'ning morn on our design,  
 And we with joy elate our march began  
 For LEITH's fair port, where oft EDINA's sons  
 The week conclude, and in carousal quaff

Port,

Port, punch, rum, brandy, and Geneva strong,  
 Liquors too nervous for the feeble purse.  
 With all convenient speed we there arriv'd,  
 Nor had we time to touch at house or hall,  
 Till from the boat a hollow thund'ring voice  
 Bellow'd vociferous, and our ears assail'd  
 With, "Ho! Kinghorn, oho! come straight  
 aboard."

We fail'd not to obey the stern command,  
 Utter'd with voice as dreadful as the roar  
 Of Polyphemus, 'midst rebounding rocks,  
 When overcome by sage Ulysses' wiles.

"Hoist up your sails," the angry skipper cries,  
 While fore and aft the busy sailors run,  
 And loose th' entangled cordage.—O'er the deep  
 Zephyrus blows, and hugs our lofty sails,  
 Which, in obedience to the powerful breeze,  
 Swell o'er the foaming main, and kiss the wave.

Now o'er the convex surface of the flood  
 Precipitate we fly—our foaming prow  
 Divides the saline stream—on either side  
 Ridges of yesty surge dilate apace;  
 But from the poop the waters gently flow,  
 And undulation for the time decays,  
 In eddies smoothly floating o'er the main.

Here let the muse in doleful numbers sing  
 The woeful fate of those whose cruel stars

Have

Have doom'd them subject to the languid powers  
 Of wat'ry sickness.—Tho' with stomach full  
 Of juicy beef, of mutton in its prime,  
 Or all the dainties luxury can boast,  
 They brave the elements,—yet the rocking bark,  
 Truly regardless of their precious food,  
 Converts their visage to the ghastly pale,  
 And makes the sea partaker of the sweets  
 On which they sumptuous far'd.—And this the  
 cause

Why those of Scotia's sons whose wealthy store  
 Hath blest them with a splendid coach and six,  
 Rather incline to linger on the way,  
 And cross the river Forth by Stirling bridge,  
 Than be subjected to the ocean's swell,  
 To dang'rous ferries, and to sickness dire.

And now at equal distance shews the land ;  
 Gladly the tars the joyful task pursue  
 Of gathering in the freight—Debates arise  
 From counterfeited halfpence—In the hold  
 The seamen scrutinize and eager peep  
 Thro' ev'ry corner where their watchful eye  
 Suspect a lurking place, or dark retreat,  
 To hide the timid corpse of some poor soul,  
 Whose scanty purse can scarce one groat afford.

At length we chearful land on Fisan shore,  
 Where sickness vanishes, and all the ills  
 Attendant on the passage of Kinghorn.

Our pallid cheeks resume their rosy hue,  
 And empty stomachs keenly crave supply—  
 With eager step we reach'd the friendly inn,  
 Nor did we think of beating our retreat  
 Till ev'ry gnawing appetite was quell'd.

Eastward along the Fife coast we stray ;  
 And here th' unwearied eye may fondly gaze  
 O'er all the tufted groves and pointed spires  
 With which the pleasant banks of Forth are  
 crown'd.

Sweet navigable stream ! where Commerce reigns,  
 Where Peace and jocund Plenty smile serene :  
 On thy green banks sits Liberty enthron'd,  
 But not that shadow which the English youth  
 So eagerly pursue ; but freedom bought,  
 When Caledonia's triumphant sword  
 Taught the proud sons of Anglia to bemoan  
 Their fate at *Bannockburn*, where thousands came  
 Never to tread their native soil again.

Far in a hollow den, where Nature's hand  
 Had careless strew'd the rocks—a dreadful cave,  
 Whose concave cieling echo'd to the floods  
 Their hollow murmurs on the trembling shore,  
 Demanded our approach.—The yawning porch  
 Its massy sides disclos'd, and o'er the top  
 The ivy tendrils twin'd th' uncultur'd fearn :  
 Fearful we pry into the dreary vault,  
 Hoary with age, and breathing noxious damps :

E

Here



Here busy owls may unmolested dwell  
 In solitary gloom—for few there are  
 Whose inclination leads them to review  
 A cell where putrid smells infectious reign\*.

Then turning westward, we our course pursue  
 Along the verge of Fortha's briny flood,  
 Till we o'ertake the gradual rising dale  
 Where fair Burntisland rears her rev'rend dome;  
 And here the vulgar sign-post, painted o'er  
 With imitations vile of man and horse,  
 Of small-beer froathing o'er th' unshapely jug,  
 With courteous invitation, spoke us fair  
 To enter in, and taste what precious drops  
 Were there reserv'd to moisten strangers' throats,  
 Too often parch'd upon the tedious way.

After regaling here with sober cann,  
 Our limbs we plied, and nimbly measur'd o'er  
 The hills, the vales, and the extensive plains,  
 Which form the distance from *Burntisland's* port  
 To *Inverkeithing*. Westward still we went,  
 Till in the ferry-boat we loll'd at ease;  
 Nor did we long on Neptune's empire float,  
 For scarce ten posting minutes were elaps'd  
 Till we again on *Terra Firma* flood,

And

---

\* A large cave at a small distance from Kinghorn,  
 supposed, about a century ago, to have been the receptacle  
 of thieves.

And to M'LAREN's march'd, where roasted lamb,  
 With cooling lettuce, crown'd our social board.  
 Here too the chearing glass, chief foe to cares !  
 Went briskly round ; and many a virgin fair  
 Receiv'd our homage in a bumper full.

Thus having sacrific'd a jocund hour,  
 To smiling Mirth, we quit the happy scene,  
 And move progressive to Edina's walls.

Now still returning eve creep'd gradual on,  
 And the bright sun, as weary of the sky,  
 Beam'd forth a languid occidental ray ;  
 Whose ruby-tinctur'd radiance faintly gleam'd  
 Upon the airy cliffs and distant spires,  
 That float on the horizon's utmost verge.  
 So we, with festive joints and ling'ring pace,  
 Mov'd slowly on, and did not reach the town  
 Till Phœbus had unyok'd his prancing steeds.

Ye sons of Caledonia ! who delight,  
 With all the pomp and pageantry of state,  
 To roll along in gilded affluence,  
 For one poor moment wean your thoughts from  
 these,  
 And list this humble strain.—If you, like us,  
 Could brave the angry waters, be uprous'd  
 By the first salutation to the morn  
 Paid by the watchful cock ; or be compell'd  
 On foot to wander o'er the lonely plain

For twenty tedious miles ; then should the gout  
 With all his racking pangs forsake your frame :  
 For he delights not to traverse the field,  
 Or rugged steep, but prides him to recline  
 On the luxuriance of a velvet fold,  
 Where Indolence on purple sofa lolls.

---

## THE CANONGATE PLAY-HOUSE IN RUINS.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

**Y**E few whose feeling hearts are ne'er estrang'd  
 From soft emotions !—Ye who often wear  
 The eye of Pity, and oft vent her sighs,  
 When sad *Melpomene*, in woe-fraught strains,  
 Gains entrance to the breast ; or often smile  
 When brisk *Thalia* gaily trips along  
 Scenes of enliv'ning mirth, attend my song !  
 And Fancy, thou ! whose ever-flaming light  
 Can penetrate into the dark abyss  
 Of chaos and of hell : O ! with thy blazing torch  
 The wastful scene illumine, that the Muse,  
 With daring pinions, may her flight pursue,  
 Nor with timidity be known to soar  
 O'er the *theatric world*, to chaos chang'd.

Can I contemplate on those dreary scenes  
 Of mould'ring desolation, and forbid

The

The voice elegiac, and the falling tear !  
 No more from box to box the basket pil'd  
 With oranges as radiant as the spheres,  
 Shall with their luscious virtues charm the sense  
 Of *taste* and *smell*. No more the gaudy beau,  
 With handkerchief in lavender well drench'd,  
 Or *bergamot*; or *rose water* pure,  
 With flavoriferous sweets shall chace away  
 The pestilential fumes of vulgar cits,  
 Who, in impatience for the curtain's rise,  
 Amus'd the ling'ring moments, and apply'd  
 Thirst-quenching *porter* to their parched lips.

Alas, how sadly alter'd is the scene !  
 For lo ! those sacred walls, that late were brush'd  
 By rustling silks and waving capuchines,  
 Are now become the sport of wrinkled Time !  
 Those walls, that late have echo'd to the voice  
 Of stern King *Richard*, to the seat transform'd  
 Of crawling spiders and detested moths,  
 Who in the lonely crevices reside ;  
 Or gender in the beams, that have upheld  
 Gods, demi-gods, and all the joyous crew  
 Of thund'ers in the galleries above.

O Shakespeare ! where are all thy tinsell'd kings,  
 Thy fawning courtiers, and thy waggish clowns ?  
 Where all thy fairies, spirits, witches, fiends,  
 That here have gambol'd in nocturnal sport,  
 Round the lone oak, or sunk in fear away



From the shrill summons of the cock at morn  
 Where now the temples, palaces, and tow'rs?  
 Where now the groves that ever-verdant smil'd?  
 Where now the streams that never ceas'd to flow?  
 Where now the clouds, the rains, the hails, the  
 winds,  
 The thunders, lightnings, and the tempests strong?

Here shepherds, lolling in their woven bow'rs,  
 In dull *recitativo* often sung  
 Their loves, accompanied with clangor strong  
 From horns, from trumpets, clarinets, bassoons;  
 From violinos sharp, or droning bass,  
 Or the brisk tinkling of a harpsichord.

Such is thy pow'r, O Music! such thy fame  
 That it has tabled been, how foreign song,  
 Soft issuing from *Tenducci's* slender throat,  
 Has drawn a plaudit from the gods enthron'd  
 Round the empyreum of Jove himself,  
 High seated on Olympus' airy top.  
 Nay, that his sev'rous voice was known to soothe  
 The shrill-ton'd prating of the females' tongues,  
 Who, in obedience to the lifeless song,  
 All prostrate fell, all fainting dy'd away  
 In silent ecstasies of passing joy.

Ye who oft wander by the silver light  
 Of sister *Luna*,—or to church-yard's gloom,  
 Or cypress shades, if Chance should guide your steps

To

To this sad mansion, think not that you tread  
 Unconsecrated paths; for on this ground  
 Have holy streams been pour'd, and flow'rets  
 strew'd;

While many a kingly diadem, I ween,  
 Lies useless here entomb'd, with heaps of coin  
 Stamp'd in *theatric mint*: offenceless gold!  
 That carried not persuasion in its hue,  
 To tutor mankind in their evil ways.

After a lengthen'd series of years,  
 When the unhallow'd spade shall discompose  
 This mass of earth, then relics shall be found,  
 Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,  
 Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.

Ye spouting blades! regard this ruin'd fane,  
 And nightly come within those naked walls,  
 To shed the tragic tear. Full many a drop  
 Of precious inspiration have you suck'd  
 From its dramatic sources. O! look here  
 Upon this roofless and forsaken pile,  
 And stalk in pensive sorrow o'er the ground  
 Where you've beheld so many noble scenes.

Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime  
 His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,  
 And orange-groves, and love-inspiring wine,  
 Have oft repaid his toil; if earthquake dire,  
 With hollow groanings and convulsive pangs,  
 The ground hath rent, and all those beauties foil'd,  
 Will

Will he refrain to shed the grateful drop,  
 A tribute justly due (tho' seldom paid)  
 To the blest memory of happier times ?

---

### FASHION. A POEM.

*Bred up where discipline most rare is,  
 In Military Garden Paris.*

HUDIBRAS.

**O** NATURE, parent goddess ! at thy shrine,  
 Prone to the earth, the Muse, in humble  
 song,

Thy aid implores : Nor will she wing her flight  
 Till thou, bright form ! in thy effulgence pure  
 Deign'st to look down upon her lowly state,  
 And shed thy pow'rful influence benign.

Come then, regardless of vain Fashion's fools,  
 Of all those vile enormities of shape  
 That croud the world, and with thee bring  
 Wisdom in sober contemplation clad,  
 To lash those bold usurpers from the stage.

On that bless'd spot where the Parisian dome  
 To fools the stealing hand of Time displays,  
 FASHION her empire holds, a goddess great !  
 View her amidst the *Millenarian* train  
 On a resplendent throne exalted high,  
 Strangely diversified with gewgaw forms.  
 Her busy hand glides pleasureably o'er

The

The darling novelties, the trinkets rare  
That greet the sight of the admiring dames,  
Whose dear-bought treasures o'er their native isle  
Contagious spread, infect the wholesome air  
That cherish'd vigour in Britannia's sons.

Near this proud seat of Fashion's antic form  
A sphere revolves, on whose bright orb behold  
The circulating mode of changeful dress,  
Which, like the image of the sun himself,  
Glories in coursing thro' the diverse signs  
Which blazon in the zodiac of heav'n.  
Around her throne coquets and *petits beaux*  
Unnumber'd shine, and with each other vie  
In nameless ornaments and gaudy plumes.  
O worthy emulation! to excel  
In trifles such as these: how truly great!  
Unworthy of the peevish blubb'ring boy,  
Crush'd in his childhood by the fondling nurse,  
Who, for some fav'rite babble, frets and pines.

Amongst the proud attendants of this shrine,  
The wealthy, young, and gay *Clarinda* draws,  
From poorer objects, the astonish'd eye:  
Her looks, her dress, and her affected mien  
Doom her enthusiast keen in Fashion's train:  
White as the cover'd *Alps*, or wintry face  
Of snowy *Lapland*, her *toupee* uprear'd,  
Exhibits to the view a cumbrous mass  
Of curls high nodding o'er her polish'd brow;  
From



From which redundant flows the Brussels lace,  
 With pendant ribbons too of various dye,  
 Where all the colours in th' ethereal bow,  
 Unite, and blend, and tantalize the sight.

Nature! to thee alone, not Fashion's pomp,  
 Does Beauty owe her all-commanding eye.  
 From the green bosom of the watry main,  
 Array'd by thee, majestic Venus rose,  
 With waving ringlets carelessly diffus'd,  
 Floating luxurious o'er the restless surge.  
 What *Rubens* then, with his enliv'ning hand,  
 Could paint the bright vermilion of her cheek,  
 Pure as the roseate portal of the east,  
 That opens to receive the chearing ray  
 Of *Phœbus* beaming from the orient sky?  
 For sterling-Beauty needs no faint essays,  
 Or colourings of art, to gild her more:  
 She is all perfect. And, if Beauty fail,  
 Where are those ornaments, those rich attires  
 Which can reflect a lustre on that face,  
 Where she with light innate disdains to shine?

Britons, beware of Fashion's luring wiles:  
 On either hand, chief guardians of her pow'r,  
 And sole dictators of her fickle voice,  
*Folly* and *dull effeminacy* reign;  
 Whose blackest magic and unhallow'd spells  
 The Roman ardour check'd; their strength decay'd,  
 And all their glory scatter'd to the winds.

Tremble,

Tremble, O Albion! for the voice of Fate  
 Seems ready to decree thy after-fall.  
 By pride, by luxury, what fated ills  
 Unheeded have approach'd thy mortal frame!  
 How many foreign weeds their heads have rear'd  
 In thy fair garden? Hasten 'ere their strength  
 And baneful vegetation taint the soil,  
 To root out rank disease, which soon must spread,  
 If no bless'd antidote will purge away  
 Fashion's proud minions from our sea-girt isle.

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A BURLESQUE ELEGY on the Amputation of a  
 STUDENT'S Hair, before his ORDERS.

O SAD catastrophe! O event dire!  
 How shall the loss, the heavy loss be borne?  
 Or how the Muse attune the plaintive lyre,  
 To sing of *Strephon* with his ringlets shorn?  
 Say ye, who can divine the mighty cause,  
 From whence this modern circumcision springs?  
 Why such oppressive and such rigid laws  
 Are still attendant on religious things?  
 Alas! poor *Strephon*, to the stern decree  
 Which prunes your tresses, are you doom'd to  
 yield?  
 Soon shall your *caput*, like the blasted tree,  
 Diffuse its faded honours o'er the field.

Now

Now let the solemn sounds of mourning swell,  
 And wake sad echoes to prolong the lay ;  
 For hark ! methinks I hear the tragic knell ;  
 This hour bespeaks the barber on his way.

O razor ! yet thy poignant edge suspend ;  
 O yet indulge me with a short delay ;  
 Till I once more pourtray my youthful friend,  
 'Ere his proud locks are scatter'd on the clay.

'Ere the huge *wig*, in formal curls array'd,  
 With pulvile pregnant, shall o'ershade his face ;  
 Or, like the wide umbrella, lend its aid,  
 To banish lustre from the sacred place.

Mourn, O ye zephyrs ! for, alas ! no more  
 His waving ringlets shall your call obey !  
 For, ah ! the stubborn wig must now be wore,  
 Since *Strephon's* locks are scatter'd on the clay.

*Amanda*, too, in bitter anguish sighs,  
 And grieves the metamorphosis to see ;  
 Mourn not, *Amanda*, for the hair that lies  
 Dead on the ground shall be reviv'd for thee.

Some skilful artist of a French *friseur*,  
 With graceful ringlets shall thy temples bind,  
 And cull the precious relics from the floor,  
 Which yet may flutter in the wanton wind.

Written

*Written at the* HERMITAGE of BRAID, *near*  
EDINBURGH.

**W**OULD you relish a rural retreat,  
Or the pleasure the groves can inspire,  
The city's allurements forget,  
To this spot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley, and chrystaline brook,  
Whose current glides sweetly along,  
Give Nature a fanciful look,  
The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees  
A covert of verdure have spread,  
Where shepherds may loll at their ease,  
And pipe to the musical shade:

For, lo ! thro' each op'ning is heard,  
In concert with waters below,  
The voice of a musical bird,  
Whose numbers do gracefully flow.

The bushes and arbours so green,  
The tendrils of spray interwove,  
With foliage shelter the scene,  
And form a retirement for love.

Here Venus transported may rove  
From pleasure to pleasure unseen,  
Nor wish for the Cyprian grove  
Her youthful Adonis to screen.



Oft let me contemplative dwell  
 On a scene where such beauties appear ;  
 I could live in a cot or a cell,  
 And never think solitude near.

---

## A T A L E.

**T**HOSE rigid pedagogues and fools,  
 Who walk by self-invented rules,  
 Do often try, with empty head,  
 The emptier mortals to mislead,  
 And fain would urge, that none but they  
 Could rightly teach the A, B, C ;  
 On which they've got an endless comment,  
 To trifling minds of mighty moment,  
 Throwing such barriers in the way  
 Of those who genius display,  
 As often, ah ! too often tease  
 Them out of patience, and of fees,  
 Before they're able to explode  
 Obstructions thrown on Learning's road.  
 May mankind all employ their tools  
 To banish pedantry from schools !  
 And may each pedagogue avail,  
 By list'ning to the after tale !

Wise Mr BIRCH had long intended  
 The alphabet should be amended,

And

And taught that H a breathing was,  
*Ergo* he saw no proper cause,  
 Why such a letter should exist :  
 Thus in a breath was he dismiss'd,  
 With, " O beware, beware, O youth !  
 " Take not the villain in your mouth."

One day this alphabetic sinner  
 Was eager to devour his dinner,  
 When to appease the craving glutton,  
 His boy *Tom* produc'd the mutton.  
 Was such disaster ever told ?  
 Alas ! the meat was deadly cold !  
 Here take and h—eat it, says the master ;  
 Quoth *Tom*, that shall be done, and fast, Sir :  
 And few there are who will dispute it,  
 But he went instantly about it ;  
 For *Birch* had scorn'd the H to say,  
 And blew him with a puff away.

The bell was rung with dread alarm ;  
 " Bring me the mutton, is it warm ?"  
*Sir* you desir'd, and I have eat it ;  
 " You lie, my orders were to heat it."  
 Quoth *Tom*, I'll readily allow  
 That H is but a breathing now.

THE PEASANT, THE HEN, AND YOUNG  
DUCKS. *A FABLE.*

**A** HEN, of all the dung-hill crew  
The fairest, stateliest to view,  
Of laying tir'd, she fondly begs  
Her keeper's leave to hatch her eggs :  
He, dunn'd with the incessant cry,  
Was forc'd for peace' sake to comply ;  
And in a month the downy brood  
Came chirping round the hen for food,  
Who view'd them with parental eyes  
Of pleasing fondness and surprise,  
And was not at a loss to trace  
Her likeness growing in their face ;  
Tho' the broad *bills* could well declare  
That they another's offspring were ;  
So strong will prejudices blind,  
And lead astray the easy mind.

To the green margin of the brook  
The hen her fancied children took ;  
Each young one shakes his unfledg'd wings ;  
And to the flood by instinct springs ;  
With willing strokes they gladly swim,  
Or dive into the glassy stream,  
While the fond mother vents her grief,  
And prays the *peasant's* kind relief.

The

The peasant heard the bitter cries,  
 And thus in terms of rage replies :  
 " You fool ! give o'er your useless moan,  
 " Nor mourn misfortunes not your own ;  
 " But learn in wisdom to forsake  
 " The offspring of the *duck and drake*."  
 To whom the hen, with angry crest  
 And scornful look, herself address :  
 " If *reason* were my constant guide  
 " (Of man the ornament and pride),  
 " Then should I boast a cruel heart,  
 " And foreign feeling all depart ;  
 " But since poor I, by *instinct* blind,  
 " Can boast no feelings so refin'd,  
 " 'Tis hop'd your reason will excuse,  
 " Tho' I your counsel sage refuse,  
 " And from the perils of the flood  
 " Attempt to save another's brood."

## M O R A L.

*When Pity, gen'rous nymph ! possess,*  
*And mov'd at will the human breast,*  
*No tongue its distant sufferings told,*  
*But she assisted, she condol'd,*  
*And willing bore her tender part*  
*In all the feelings of the heart ;*  
*But now from her our hearts decoy'd,*  
*To sense of other woes destroy'd,*  
*Act only from a selfish view,*  
*Nor give the aid to Pity due.*



## S O N G.

**W**HERE winding Forth adorns the vale,  
 Fond *Strephon*, once a shepherd gay,  
 Did to the rocks his lot bewail,  
 And thus address'd his plaintive lay :  
 " O Julia ! more than lily fair,  
 " More blooming than the budding rose,  
 " How can thy breast relentless bear  
 " A heart more cold than winter's snows.

## II.

" Yet nipping winter's keenest sway  
 " But for a short-liv'd space prevails ;  
 " Spring-time returns and cheers each spray,  
 " Scented with *Flora*'s fragrant gales.  
 " Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,  
 " Thou mistress of angelic charms !  
 " Come smiling like the morn in May,  
 " And center in thy *Strephon*'s arms.

## III.

" Else haunted by the fiend Despair,  
 " He'll court some solitary grove,  
 " Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,  
 " But swains oppress'd by hapless love.  
 " From the once pleasing rural throng  
 " Remov'd, he'll thro' the desert stray,  
 " Where *Philomela*'s mournful song  
 " Shall join his melancholy lay."

S O N G.

## S O N G.

**A** MIDST a rosy bank of flowers,  
 Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;  
 In sighs he spent his languid hours,  
 And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

Gay Joy no more shall cheer his mind,  
 No wanton sports can soothe his care,  
 Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,  
 And left him full of black despair.

His looks that were as fresh as morn  
 Can now no longer smiles impart;  
 His pensive soul, on sadness born,  
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your swain,  
 Unshroud him from his veil of woe;  
 Range every charm to ease the pain  
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.

## E X T E M P O R E,

*On being asked which of three Sisters was the most  
 beautiful.*

**W**HEN Paris gave his voice, in Ida's grove,  
 For the resistless Venus, queen of love,  
 'Twas no great task to pass a judgment there,  
 Where she alone was exquisitely fair;

But

But here what could his ablest judgment teach,  
 When wisdom, power, and beauty reign in each;  
 The youth, nonplus'd, behov'd to join with me,  
 And wish the apple had been cut in three.

---

*On seeing a Lady paint herself.*

**W**HEN, by some misadventure cross'd,  
 The banker hath his fortune lost,  
 Credit his instant need supplies,  
 And for a moment blinds our eyes :  
 So *Delia*, when her beauty's flown,  
 Trades on a bottom not her own,  
 And labours to escape detection,  
 By putting on a false complexion.

---

### EX TEMPORE,

*On seeing STANZAS addressed to Mrs HARTLEY  
 Comedian, wherein she is described as resembling  
 MARY Queen of SCOTS.*

**H**ARTLEY resembles Scotland's Queen,  
 Some bard enraptur'd cries ;  
 A flattering bard he is, I ween,  
 Or else the PAINTER LIES.

*On*

*On the Death of Mr THOMAS LANCASHIRE,  
Comedian.*

**A** LAS, poor Tom! how oft, with merry heart,  
Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part.  
Each comic heart must now be griev'd to see  
The Sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.

SCOTS



---

# SCOTS POEMS.

---

## AN ECLOGUE.

'T WAS e'ning whan the spreckled gowdspink  
fang,

Whan nēw-fa'en dew in blobs o' chrystal hang;  
Than *Will* and *Sandie* thought they'd wrought  
eneugh,

And loos'd their fair toil'd owfen frae the pleugh:  
Before they ca'd their beasts unto the town,  
The lads to draw their breath e'en sat them down:  
To the stiff sturdy aik they lean their backs,  
While honest Sandy thus begins the cracks.

### SANDIE.

Aince I could hear the laverock's shrill-tun'd  
throat,  
And listen to the clattering gowdspink's note;  
Aince I could whistle cantily as they,  
To owfen, as they till'd my ruggit clay;

But

But now I wou'd as leive maist lend my lugs  
 To tuneless puddocks croaking i' the bogs;  
 I sigh at hame, a-field am dowie too,  
 To sowf a tune P'll never crook my mou.

WILLIE.

Foul fa me gif your bridal had na been  
 Nae langer bygane than fin Hallow-e'en,  
 I cou'd hae tell'd you but a warlock's art,  
 That some daft lightlyin quean had stow'n your  
 heart;

Our beasties here will take their e'ening pluck,  
 An' now fin Jock's gane hame the byres to muck,  
 Fain would I houp my friend will be inclin'd  
 To gie me a' the secrets o' his mind:  
 Heh! Sandie, lad, what dool's come ovr ye now,  
 That you to whistle ne'er will crook your mou.

SANDIE.

Ah! Willie, Willie, I may date my wae  
 Frae what beted me on my bridal day;  
 Sair may I rue the hour in which our hands  
 Were knit thegither in the haly bands;  
 Sin that I thrive sae ill, in troth I fancy,  
 Some fiend or fairy, nae sae very chancy,  
 Has driven me, by pauky wiles uncommon,  
 To wed this sitting fury of a woman.

WILLIE.

Ah! Sandie, aften hae I heard you tell,  
 Amang the lasses a' she bure the bell;

And

And say, the modest glances o' her ein  
 Far dang the brightest beauties o' the green;  
 You ca'd her ay fae innocent, fae young,  
 I thought she kent na how to use her tongue.

## S A N D I E.

Before I married her, I'll tak my aith,  
 Her tongue was never louder than her breath;  
 But now it's turn'd fae souple and fae bauld,  
 That Job himsell could scarcely thole the scauld.

## W I L L I E.

Lat her yelp on, be you as calm's a mouse,  
 Nor lat your whisht be heard into the house;  
 Do what she can, or be as loud's she please,  
 Ne'er mind her flytes, but set your heart at ease,  
 Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor faulh your thumb,  
 An' there's my hand she'll tire, and soon sing dumb;  
 Sooner shou'd Winter's cald confine the sea,  
 An' lat the sma'est o' our burns rin free;  
 Sooner at Yule-day shall the birk be drest,  
 Or birds in sapless buffes big their nest,  
 Before a tonguey woman's noisy plea  
 Shou'd ever be a cause to danton me.

## S A N D I E.

Weel cou'd I this abide, but oh! I fear  
 I'll soon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear;  
 My kirnstaff now stands gizzen'd at the door,  
 My cheefe-rack toom that ne'er was toom before;  
 My ky may now rin rowtin to the hill,  
 And on the naked yird their milknefs spill;

She

She seenil lays her hand upon a turn,  
Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirn ;  
I vow my hair-mould milk-would poison dogs,  
As it stands lapper'd in the dirty cogs.

Before the feed I fell'd my ferra cow,  
An wi' the profit coft a stane o' woo' :  
I thought, by priggin, that she might hae spun  
A plaidie, light, to screen me frae the sun ;  
But tho' the filler's scant, the cleedin dear,  
She has na ca'd about a wheel the year.  
Last ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,  
Buying a threave or twa o' bedding strae :  
O' ilka thing the woman had her will,  
Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill :  
But hyn awa' to E'inbrough scoured she  
To get a making o' her fav'rite tea ;  
And 'cause I left her na the weary *clink*,  
She pawn'd the very trunchers frae my bink.

# W I L L I E.

Her tea ! ah ! wae betide sic costlly gear,  
Or them that ever wad the price o't spear.  
Sin my auld gutcher first the warld knew,  
Fouk had na fund the Indies whare it grew.  
I mind mysell, it's nae sae lang sin syne,  
Whan Auntie Marion did her stamack tyne,  
That *Davis* our gard'ner came frae *Apple-bog*,  
An' gae her tea to tak by way o' drog.

G

SANDIE.



## SANDIE,

Whan ilka herd for cauld his fingers rubs,  
 An' cakes o' ice are seen upo' the dubs ;  
 At morning, whan frae pleugh or fauld I come,  
 I'll see a braw reek rising frae my lum,  
 An' ablins think to get a rantin blaze,  
 To fley the frost awa', and toast my taes ;  
 But whan I shoot my nose in, ten to ane  
 If I weelfardly see my ane hearthstane ;  
 She round the ingle wi' her gimmers sits,  
 Crammin their gabbies wi' her nicest bits,  
 While the gudeman out-by maun fill his crap  
 Frae the milk coggie, or the parritch cap.

## WILLIE,

Sandy, gif this were ony common plea,  
 I shou'd the lealest o' my counsel gie ;  
 But mak or meddle betwixt man an' wife,  
 Is what I never did in a' my life.  
 It's wearin on now to the tail o' May,  
 An' just between the beer-feed and the hay ;  
 As lang's an arrow morning may be spar'd,  
 Stap your wa's east the haugh, an' tell the laird ;  
 For he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws,  
 Kens baith their outs an' ins, their cracks an'  
     flaws,  
 An' ay right gleg, whan things are out o' joint,  
 At sattlin o' a nice or kittle point.

But

But yonder's Jock, he'll ca' your owfen hame,  
 And tak thir tidings to your thrawart dame,  
 That ye're awa' ae peacefu' meal to prie,  
 An' tak your supper kail or sow'ns wi' me.

---

## AN ECLOGUE,

*To the Memory of Dr WILLIAM WILKIE, late Pro-  
 fessor of Natural Philosophy in the University of St  
 Andrew's.*

### GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

#### GEORDIE.

**B**LAW fast, my reed, and kindly to my maen,  
 Weel may ye thole a fast an' dowie strain;  
 Nae mair to you shall shepherds in a ring,  
 Wi' blythness skip, or lasses lilt an' sing;  
 Sic sorrow now maun sadden ilka eie,  
 An' ilka wae fu' shepherd grieve wi' me:

#### DAVIE.

Wherefor begin a sad an' dowie strain,  
 Or banish liting frae the Fife plain?  
 Tho' simmer's gane, an' we nae langer view  
 The blades o' claver wat wi' pearls o' dew.  
 Could Winter's bleakest blasts we'll eithly cower,  
 Our eldin's driven, an' our har'it is ower;  
 Our *rucks* fu' thick are stackit i' the yard,  
 For the *Yule-feast* a sautit mart's prepar'd;

The ingle-nook supplies the simmer fields,  
 An' aft as mony gleefu' maments yields.  
 Swyth man ! fling a' your sleepy springs awa',  
 An' on your canty whistle gies a blaw :  
 Blythness, I trow, maun lighten ilka eie,  
 An' ilka canty callant sing like me.

### GEORDIE.

Na, na ! a canty spring wad now impart  
 Just threefald sorrow to my heavy heart.  
 Thof to the *weet* my ripen'd aits had fawn,  
 Or shake-winds owr my rigs wi' pith had blawn,  
 To this I cou'd hae said, " I carena by,"  
 Nor fund occasion now my cheeks to dry.  
 Crosses like thae, or lake o' warld's gear,  
 Are naething whan we tyne a friend that's dear.  
 Ah ! waes me for you, *Willie* ! mony a day  
 Did I wi' you on yon broom-thackit brae  
 Hound aff my sheep, an' lat them carelefs gang  
 To harken to your cheary tale or sang ;  
 Sangs that for ay, on Caledonia's strand,  
 Shall sit the foremost 'mang her tunefu' band.

I dreamt yestreen his deadly *wraith* I saw  
 Gang by my ein as white's the driven snaw ;  
 My *colley*, Ringie, youf'd an' yowl'd a' night,  
 Cour'd an' crap near me in an unco fright,  
 I waken'd fley'd, an' shook baith lith an' limb ;  
 A cauldness took me, an' my sight grew dim ;  
 I kent that it forspak approachin wae  
 When my poor doggie was disturbit sae.

Nae

Nae sooner did the day begin to dawn,  
 Than I beyont the know fu' speedy ran,  
 Whare I was keppit wi' the heavy tale  
 That sets ilk dowie sangster to bewail.

## D A V I E.

An' wha on Fifean bents can weel refuse  
 To gie the tear o' tribute to his Muse?—  
 Fareweel ilk cheery spring, ilk canty note,  
 Be daffin an' ilk idle play forgot ;  
 Bring, ilka herd, the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,  
*Rosemary* sad, and ever dreary yews ;  
 Thae lat be steepit i' the saut, saut tear,  
 To weet wi' hallow'd draps his sacred bier,  
 Whase sangs will ay in Scotland be rever'd,  
 While *slow-gawn owsen* turn the flow'ry swaird ;  
 While bonny *lambies* lick the dews of spring,  
 While *gaudsman* whistle, or while *birdies* sing.

## G E O R D I E.

'Twas na for weel-tim'd verse or sangs alane  
 He bore the bell frae ilka shepherd swain.  
 Nature to him had gi'en a kindly lore,  
 Deep a' her mystic *ferlies* to explore :  
 For a' her secret workings he could gie  
 Reasons that wi' her principles agree.  
 Ye saw yoursel how weel his *mailin'* thrive,  
 Ay better faugh'd an' snodit than the lave ;  
 Lang had the *thriffles* an' the *dockans* been  
 In use to wag their taps upo' the green,



Whare now his bonny rigs delight the view,  
An thriving hedges drink the caller dew \*.

## D A V I E.

They tell me, Geordie, he had sic a gift,  
That scarce a starnie blinkit frae the lift,  
But he wou'd some auld warld name for't find,  
As gart him keep it freshly in his mind:  
For this some ca'd him an uncanny wight;  
The clash gaed round, "he had the second fight;"  
A tale that never fail'd to be the pride  
O' grannies spinnin' at the ingle-side.

## G E O R D I E.

But now he's gane, an' Fame that, whan alive,  
Seenil lats ony o' her vot'ries thrive,  
Will frae his shinin name a' motes withdraw,  
And on her loudest trump his praises blaw.  
Lang may his sacred banes untroubled rest!  
Lang may his truff in gowans gay be drest!  
Scholars and bards *unheard of yet* shall come,  
And stamp memorials on his grassy tomb,  
Which in yon antient kirk-yard shall remain,  
Fam'd as the urn that hads the MANTUAN *swain*.

## E L E G Y,

---

\* Dr Wilkie had a farm near St Andrew's, on  
which he made remarkable improvements.

## E L E G Y,

*On the Death of Mr DAVID GREGORY, late Professor  
of Mathematics in the University of St Andrew's,*

NOW mourn, ye college masters a' !  
An' frae your ein a tear let fa',

Fam'd GREGORY death has ta'en awa'

Without remeid ;

The skaith ye've met wi's nae that sma',

Sin Gregory's dead.

The students too will miss him fair,

To school them weel his sident care,

Now they may mourn for ever mair,

They hae great need ;

They'll hip the maist fek o' their lear,

Sin Gregory's dead.

He could, by *Euclid*, prove lang fine

A ganging *point* compos'd a line ;

By numbers too he cou'd divine,

Whan he did read,

That *three times three* just made up nine ;

But now he's dead.

In *Algebra* weel skill'd he was,

An' kent fu' weel *proportion's* laws ;

He cou'd mak clear baith B's and A's

Wi' his lang head ;

Rin

Rin owr furd roots but cracks or flaws ;  
But now he's dead.

Weel vers'd was he in architecture,  
An' kent the nature of the *sector*,  
Upo' baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,  
An' gar's tak heed ;  
O' geometry he was the *Hector* ;  
But now he's dead.

Sae weel's he'd fley the students a',  
Whan they were skelpin' at the ba',  
They took leg-bail, an' ran awa'  
Wi' pith an' speed ;  
We winna get a sport fae bra',  
Sin Gregory's dead.

Great 'casion hae we a' to weep,  
An' clead our skins in mournin' deep,  
For Gregory *death* will fairly keep  
To tak his nap ;  
He'll till the resurrection sleep  
As sound's a tap.

THE

## THE DAFT DAYS.

**N**OW mirk December's dowie face  
 Glows ower the rigs wi' four grimace,  
 While, thro' his *minimum* o' space,

The bleer-ey'd sun,  
 Wi' blinkin light and stealing pace,  
 His race doth run.

Frae naked groves nae birdie sings,  
 To shepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,  
 The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings

Frae *Borean* cave,  
 And dwynin Nature droops her wings,  
 Wi' visage grave.

Mankind but scanty pleasure glean  
 Frae snawy hill or barren plain,  
 Whan Winter, 'midst his nipping train,

Wi' frozen spear,  
 Sends drift ower a' his bleak domain,  
 And guides the weir.

*Auld Reikie* ! thou'rt the canty hole,  
 A bield for mony a cauldride soul,  
 Wha snugly at thine ingle loll,

Baith warm and couth ;  
 While round they gar the bicker roll,  
 To weet their mouth.

Whan



Whan merry *Yule-day* comes, I trow,  
You'll scantlins fin' a hungry mou;  
Sma' are our cares, our stomacks fou  
O' gusty gear,  
An kickshaws, strangers to our view  
Sin *Fairn-year*.

Ye browster wives, now busk ye bra',  
An sling your sorrows far awa';  
Then come an' gie's the tither blaw  
O' reaming ale,  
Mair precious than the well o' *Spa*,  
Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl,  
Amang ourselfs we'll never quarrel;  
Tho' Discord gie a canker'd snarl  
To spoil our glee,  
As lang's there pith into the barrel  
We'll drink an 'gree.

*Fidlers*, your pins in temper fix,  
And roset weel your fiddle-sticks,  
But banish vile Italian tricks

Frae out your quorum,  
Nor *fortes wi' pianos mix*,  
Gie's *Tulloch-Gorum*.

For nought can cheer the heart sae weel  
As can a canty Highland reel,

It even vivifies the heel

To skip and dance :

Lifeless is he wha canna feel

Its influence.

Let mirth abound, let social cheer

Invest the dawning of the year ;

Let blithesome innocence appear

To crown our joy,

Nor Envy, wi' sarcastic sneer,

Our bliss destroy.

And thou, great god of *Aqua Vita* !

Wha sways the empire o' this city,

When fou we're sometimes capernoity,

Be thou prepar'd

To hedge us frae that black banditti,

The City-Guard.

## THE KING'S BIRTH-DAY IN EDIN- BURGH.

*Oh ! qualis hurly-burly fuit, si forte vidisses.*

POLEMO-MIDDINIA.

I SING the day sae aften sung,

Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,

In whase loud praise the Muse has dung

A' kind o' print ;

But wow ! the limmer's fairly flung ;

There's naething in't.

I'm

I'm fain to think the joys the same  
 In London town as here at hame,  
 Whare fouk o' ilka age and name,  
     Baith blind an cripple,  
 Forgather aft, O fy for shame!  
     To drink an' tippie.

O *Muse*, be kind, an' dinna fash us  
 To flee awa' beyont Parnassus,  
 Nor seek for *Helicon* to wash us,  
     That heath'nish spring;  
 Wi' Highland whisky scour our hawkes,  
     An' gar us sing.

Begin then, dame, ye've drunk you're fill,  
 You woudna hae the tither gill?  
 You'll trust me, mair would do you ill,  
     An' ding you doitet:  
 Troth 'twould be fair against my will  
     To hae the wyte o't.

Sing then, how, on the *fourth* of June,  
 Our *bells* screed aff a loyal tune,  
 Our ancient castle shoots at noon,  
     Wi' flag-staff buskit,  
 Frae which the foger blades come down  
     To cock their musket.

Oh willawins! MONS MEG, for you,  
 'Twas firing crack'd thy muckle mou;

What

What black mischanter gart ye spew  
Baith gut and ga'?

I fear they bang'd thy belly fu'  
Against the law.

Right seenil am I gi'en to bannin,  
But, by my faul, ye was a cannon,  
Cou'd hit a man had he been stannin  
In shire o' Fife,

Sax lang Scots miles ayont Glackmannan,  
An' tak his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,  
An' echo to thy dinfome rout;  
The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,  
That glowr'd wi' wonder,  
Hafins asley'd to bide thereout  
To hear thy thunder.

Sing likewise, Muse, how *blue-gown* bodies,  
Like scar-craws new ta'en down frae woodies,  
Come here to cast their clouted duddies,

An get their pay :  
Than them what magistrate mair proud is  
On king's birth-day?

On this great day the city-guard,  
In military art weel lear'd,  
Wi' powder'd pow an' shaven beard,  
Gang thro' their functions,

H

By .



By hostile rabble seldom spar'd  
O' clarty unctions.

O *soldiers* ! for your ain dear sakes,  
For Scotland's, alias *Land of Cakes*,  
Gie not her *bairns* sic deadly pakes,  
Nor be sae rude,  
Wi' firelock or Lochaber aix,  
As spill their blude.

Now round an' round the *serpents* whiz,  
Wi' hissing wrath and angry phiz ;  
Sometimes they catch a gentle gizz,  
Alack-a-day !  
An' finge, wi' *hair-devouring* bizz,  
Its curls away.

Shou'd th' owner patiently keek round,  
To view the nature o' his wound,  
*Dead pussie*, draggled thro' the pond,  
Taks him a lounder,  
Which lays his *honour* on the ground  
As flat's a *flounder*.

The Muse maun also now implore  
Auld wives to steek ilk hole an' bore ;  
If *baudrins* slip but to the door,  
I fear, I fear,  
She'll nae lang shank upo' all four  
This time o' year.

Neist

Neist day ilk hero tells his news,  
 O' crackit crowns and broken brows,  
 An' deeds that here forbid the Muse  
                                 Her theme to swell,  
 Or time mair precious abuse  
                                 Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields resort,  
 Whare music gars the day seem short,  
 Whare doggies play, and lambies sport,  
                                 On gowany braes,  
 Whare peerless Fancy hads her court,  
                                 And tunes her lays.

### CALLER OYSTERS.

*Happy the man who, free from care and strife,  
 In silken or in leathern purse retains  
 A splendid shilling. He nor hears with pain  
 New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale.*

PHILLIPS.

**O'** a' the waters that can hobble  
 A fishing yole or sa'mon coble,  
 An' can reward the fisher's trouble,  
                                 Or south or north,  
 There nane sae spacious an' sae noble  
                                 As Frith o' Forth.

In her the skate an' codlin sail,  
The eel fu' souple wags her tail,  
Wi' herrin, fleuk, and mackarel,  
An' whitens dainty :  
Their spindle-shanks the labsters trail,  
Wi' partans plenty.

AULD REIKIE'S sons blithe faces wear ;  
September's merry month is near,  
That brings in Neptune's caller cheer,  
New oysters fresh :  
The halefomeft and niceft gear  
O' fiſh or fleſh.

O! then we needna gie a plack  
For dand'ring mountebank or quack,  
Wha o' their drogs fae baldly crack,  
An' spred sic notions,  
As gar their fecklefs patients tak  
Their stinkin potions.

Come prie, frail man! for gin thou *art sick*,  
 The oyster is a rare cathartic,  
 As ever doctor patient gart lick  
                                     To cure his ails;  
 Whether you hae the head or heart-ake,  
                                     It ay prevails.

Ye tiplers, open a' your poses,  
Ye wha are fash'd wi' plucky noses,

## Fling

Fling ovr your craig sufficient doses,  
You'll thole a hunder,  
To fleg awa' your simmer roses,  
An' naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,  
Gin ye hae catcht a droukit skin,  
To *Luckie Middlemist's* loup in,  
An' fit fu' snug  
Owr oyfters an' a dram o' gin,  
Or haddock lug.

Whan auld Saunt Giles, at aught o'clock,  
Gars merchant lowns their shopies lock,  
There we adjourn wi' hearty fock  
To birle our bodles,  
An' get wharewi' to crack our joke,  
An' clear our noddles.

Whan Phœbus did his windocks steeke,  
How aften at that *ingle* cheek  
Did I my frosty fingers beek,  
An' prie gude fare!  
I trow there was na hame to seek  
Whan steghin there.

While glakit fools, ovr rife o' cash,  
Pamper their weyms wi' fousom trash,  
I think a chiel may gayly pass;  
He's nae ill boden  
That gusts his gab wi' oyster sauce,  
An' *ben* weel soden.



At *Musselbrough*, an' eke *Newhaven*,  
The fisher-wives will get *top livin*,  
Whan *lads* gang out on Sundays' even

To treat their *joes*,  
An' tak o' fat pandors a prieve,  
Or *mussel brose*.

Than sometimes 'ere they flit their *doup*,  
They'll ablins a' their *filler coup*  
For liquor clear frae cutty stoup,

To weet their wizen,  
An' swallow ower a dainty soup,  
For fear they gizen.

A' ye wha canna stann sae ficker,  
Whan twice you've toom'd the big-ars'd bicker,  
Mix caller *oysters* wi' your liquor,  
An' I'm your debtor,

If greedy *priest* or drowthy *vicar*  
Will thole it better.

### BRAID CLAITH.

YE wha are fain to hae your name  
Wrote i' the bonny book o' Fame,  
Let Merit nae pretension claim  
To laurel'd wreath,  
But hap ye weel, baith back an' wame,  
In gude Braid Claith.

He

He that some ells o' this may fa',  
 An' flae-black hat on pow like snaw,  
 Bids bauld to bear the 'gree awa',

Wi' a' this graith,  
 Whan bienly clad wi' shell fu' braw  
 O' gude Braid Claith.

Waefuck for him wha has na seek o't!  
 For he's a gowk they're sure to geck at,  
 A chiel that ne'er will be respek it,

While he draws breath,  
 Till his four quarters are bedeckit  
 Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber spark,  
 Whan he has done wi' scrapin wark,  
 Wi' filler broachie in his fark,

Gangs trigly, faith!  
 Or to the Meadow, or the Park,  
 In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye know, to see them there,  
 That they to shave your haffits bare,  
 Or curl an' sleek a pickie hair,

Would be right laith,  
 Whan pacing wi' a gawfy air  
 In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettl'd stirrah green  
 For favour frae a lady's een,

He

He maunna care for bein' seen  
                     Before he sheath  
 His body in a scabbard clean  
                     O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,  
 A feg for him she winna care,  
 But crook her bonny mou' fu' sair,  
                     And scald him baith :  
 Wooers shou'd ay their travel spare  
                     Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends sock an unco heese,  
 Makes mony kail-worms butterflies,  
 Gies mony doctör his degrees  
                     For little skaith :  
 In short, you may be what you please  
                     Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For thof ye had as wise a snout on  
 As *Shakespeare* or *Sir Isaac Newton*,  
 Your judgment fouk would hae a doubt on,  
                     I'll tak my aith,  
 Till they cou'd see ye wi' a suit on  
                     O' gude Braid Claith.

ELEGY

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF SCOTS  
MUSIC.

*Mark it, Cæsario ; it is old and plain,  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,  
Do use to chant it.*

SHAKESPEARE'S TWELFTH NIGHT.

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,  
When lads and lasses *tartan* wore,  
Soft Music rang on ilka *store*,  
In hamely weid ;  
But Harmony is now no more,  
And *Music* dead.

Round her the feather'd choir would wing,  
Sae bonnily she wont to sing,  
And sleely wake the sleeping string,  
Their sang to lead,  
Sweet as the zephyrs o' the spring ;  
But now she's dead.

Mourn ilka nymph and ilka swain,  
Ilk funny hill and dowie glen ;  
Let weeping streams and *Naiads* drain  
Their fountain head ;  
Let Echo swell the dolefu' strain,  
Sin' Music's dead.

When



Whan the fast vernal breezes ca'  
 The grey-hair'd Winter's fogs awa',  
 Naebody than is heard to blaw,

Near hill or mead,  
 On chaunter, or on aiten straw,  
 Sin' Music's dead.

Nae lasses now, on simmer days,  
 Will lilt at bleachin' o' their claes ;  
 Nae herds on Tarrow's bonny braes,  
 Or banks o' Tweed,

Delight to chant their hameil lays,  
 Sin' Music's dead.

At glomin now the bagpipe's dumb,  
 Whan weary owfen hameward come ;  
 Sae sweetly as it wont to bum,

An' pibrochs skreed ;  
 We never hear its warlike hum ;  
 For Music's dead.

Macgibben's gane ! Ah ! waes my heart !  
 The man in music maist expert,  
 Wha cou'd sweet melody impart,  
 An' tune the reed,

Wi' sic a flee an' pawky art ;  
 But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt an' grane,  
 Ilk bonny lassie mak great mane,

Sin

Sin he's awa', I trow there's nane  
 Can fill his stead;  
 The blytheft sangster on the glain!  
 Alack, he's dead!

Now foreign sonnets bear the gree,  
 An' crabbit queer variety  
 O' sounds fresh sprung frae *Italy*,  
 A bastard breed!

Unlike that fast-tongu'd melody  
 Which now lies dead.

Cou'd *lav' rocks* at the dawnin' day,  
 Cou'd *linties* chirmin' frae the spray,  
 Or todlin' *burns* that smoothly play—  
 Owr gowden bed,  
 Compare wi' *Birks o' Indermay*?

But now they're dead.

O SCOTLAND! that cou'd aince afford  
 To bang the pith o' Roman sword,  
 Winna your sons, wi' joint accord,  
 To battle speed,  
 And fight till *MUSIC* be restor'd,  
 Which now lies dead?

HALLOW.

## HALLOW - FAIR.

**A**T *Hallowmas*, whan nights grow lang,  
 And *starnies* shine fu' clear,  
 Whan fock, the nippin cald to bang,  
 Their winter *hap-warms* wear ;  
 Near Edinbrough a fair there hads,  
 I wat there's nane whase name is,  
 For strappin dames and sturdy lads,  
 An' cap an' sroup, mair famous  
 Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum  
 The sun began to keek,  
 An' bad the trig-made maidens come  
 A fightly joe to seek  
 At *Hallow-fair*, whare browsters rare  
 Keep gude ale on the gantries,  
 An' dinna scrimp ye o' a skair  
 O' kebbucks frae their pantries,  
 Fu' faut that day.

Here country John in bannet blue,  
 An' eke his Sunday's claife on,  
 Rins after Meg wi' *rokelay* new,  
 An' fappy kisses lays on ;  
 She'll tauntin say, Ye silly coof !  
 Be o' your gab mair spairin' ;

He'll

He'll tak the hint, an' crieſh her loof  
 Wi' what will buy her fairin',  
 To chow that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their ſtand,  
 An' ſhaw their *bonny wallies* ;  
 Wow, but they lie fu' gleg aff hand  
 To trick the ſilly fallows :  
 Heh, Sirs ! what cairds an' tinklers come,  
 An' *ne'er-do-weel* horſe-coupers,  
 An' ſpae-wives fenzying to be dumb,  
 Wi' a' ſiclike landloupers,  
 To thrive that day.

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen,  
 “ Come ye to me fa need ;  
 “ The braweſt *ſhanks* that e'er were ſeen  
 “ I'll ſell ye cheap an' guid :  
 “ I wyt they are as protty hoſe  
 “ As come frae *weyr* or *leem* :  
 “ Here tak a rug, an' ſhaw's your poſe ;  
 “ Forſeeth, my ain's but teem  
 “ An' light this day.”

Ye wives, as ye gang thro' the fair,  
 O mak your bargains hooly !  
 O' a' thir wylie lowns beware,  
 Or, fegs ! they will ye ſpulzie.  
 For fairn-year *Meg Tampon* got,  
 Frae thir miſchievous villains,



A scaw'd bit o' a penny note,  
 That lost a score o' shillins  
 To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,  
 The ferjeant screechs fu' loud,  
 " A' gentlemen an' volunteers  
 " That wish your country gude,  
 " Come here to me, an' I fall gie  
 " Twa guineas an' a crown,  
 " A bowl o' *punch*, that like the sea  
 " Will foun a lang dragoon  
 " Wi' ease this day."

Without the cuissars prance an' nicker,  
 An' ovr the ley-rig scud;  
 In tents the carles bend the bicker,  
 An' rant an' roar like wud.  
 Than there's sic yellowchin an' din,  
 Wi' wives an' wee-anes gablin,  
 That ane might true they were a-kin  
 To a' the tongues at Babylon,  
 Confus'd that day.

Whan Phœbus ligs in Thetis' lap,  
 AULD REYKIE gies them shelter,  
 Whare cadgily they kiss the cap,  
 An' ca't round helter-skelter.  
*Jock Bell* gaed furth to play his freaks,  
 Great cause he had to rue it,

For

For frae a stark Lochaber aix  
 He gat a *clamihewit*,  
 Fu' sair that night.

" Ohon ! (quo' he) I'd rather be  
 " By *sword* or *bagnet* stickit,  
 " Than hae my crown or body wi'  
 " Sic deadly weapons nickit."

Wi' that he gat anither straik  
 Mair weighty than before,  
 That gar'd his feckless body aik,  
 An' spew the reikin gore,  
 Fu' red that night,

He peching on the cawsey lay,  
 O' kicks an' cuffs weel fair'd ;  
 A *Highland* aith the serjeant gae,  
 " She maun pe see our guard."  
 Out spak the weirlike corporal,  
 " Pring in ta drunken sot,"  
 They trail'd him ben, an' by my faul,  
 He paid his drunken groat  
 For that neist day.

Gude fock, as ye come frae the fair,  
 Bide yont-frae this black squad ;  
 There's nae sic savages elsewhere  
 Allow'd to wear cockade.  
 Than the strong lion's hungry maw,  
 Or tusk o' Russian bear,

Frae their wanruly fellin paw  
 Mair caufe ye hae to fear  
 Your death that day.

A wee soup drink dis unco weel  
 To had the heart aboon ;  
 It's gude as lang's a canny chiel  
 Can staun steeve in his shoön.  
 But gin a birkie's owr weel fair'd,  
 It gars him aften stammer  
 To *plays* that bring him to the Guard,  
 An' eke the *Council-chawmir*,  
 Wi' shame that day.

---

### ODE TO THE BEE.

**H**ERDS, blythesome tune your canty reeds,  
 An' welcome to the gowany meads  
 The pride o' a' the insect thrang,  
 A stranger to the green sae lang ;  
 Unfauld ilk bus an' ilka brier,  
 The bounties o' the gleesome year,  
 To him whase voice delights the spring,  
 Whase soughs the saftest slumbers bring.  
 The trees in simmer-cleething drest,  
 The hillocks in their greenest vest,  
 The brawest flow'rs rejoic'd we see,  
 Disclose their sweets, and ca' on thee,

Blythely

Blythely to skim on wanton wing  
Thro' a' the fairy haunts o' spring.

Whan fields hae gat their dewy gift,  
An' dawnin breaks upo' the lift,  
Then gang your wa's thro' *bight* an' *bow*,  
Seek caller *haugh* or *sinny know*,  
Or ivy'd *craig*, or *burn-bank bae*,  
Whare Industry shall bid you gae,  
For hiney, or for waxen store,  
To ding sad poortith frae the door.

Cou'd feckless creature, Man, be wise,  
The simmer o' his life to prize,  
In winter he might fend fu' bauld,  
His eild unkend to nippin cauld,  
Yet thir, alas! are antrin fock  
That iade their scape wi' winter stock.  
Auld age maist feckly glowrs right dour  
Upo' the ailings o' the poor,  
Wha hope for nae comforting, save  
That dowie dismal house, the grave.  
Then feeble Man, be wise, tak tent  
How Industry can fetch content:  
Behad the bees whare'er they wing,  
Or thro' the bonny bow'rs o' spring,  
Whare vi'lets or whare roses blaw,  
An' filler dew-draps nightly sa',  
Or whan on open bent they're seen,  
On *hether-hill* or *thriftle green*;



The hiney's still as sweet that flows  
 Frae thristle cauld, or kending rose.

Frae this the human race may learn  
 Reflection's hiney'd draps to earn,  
 Whether they tramp life's thorny way,  
 Or thro' the sunny vineyard stray.

Instructive bee! attend me still,  
 Owr a' my labours sey your skill:  
 For thee shall hiney-suckles rise,  
 Wi' lading to your busy thighs,  
 An' ilka shrub surround my cell,  
 Whereon ye like to hum an' dwell:  
 My trees in bourachs owr my ground  
 Shall fend ye frae ilk blast o' wind:  
 Nor e'er shall herd, wi' ruthless spike,  
 Delve out the treasures frae your bike,  
 But in my fence be safe, an' free  
 To live, an' work, an' sing like me.

Like thee, by fancy wing'd, the Muse  
 Scuds ear' an' heartsome owr the dews,  
 Fu' vogie, an' fu' blythe to crap  
 The winsome flow'rs frae Nature's lap,  
 Twining her living garlands there,  
 That lyart Time can ne'er impair.

# ON SEEING A BUTTERFLY IN THE STREET.

**D**AFT gowk, in macaroni dress,  
 Are ye come here to shaw your face,  
 Bowden wi' pride o' simmer glofs,  
 To cast a dash at *Reikié's* cross ;  
 An' glower at mony a twa-legg'd creature,  
 Flees braw by art, tho' worms by nature ?

Like country laird in city cleeding,  
 Ye're come to town to lear' good breeding ;  
 To bring ilk darling toast an' fashion  
 In vogue amang the flie creation,  
 That they, like buskit belles an' beaus,  
 May crook their mou' fu' four at those  
 Whase weird is still to creep, alas !  
 Unnotic'd 'mang the humble grafs ;  
 While you, wi' wings new buskit trim,  
 Can far frae yird an' reptiles skim ;  
 Newfangle grown wi' new-got form,  
 You soar aboon your mither worm.

Kind Nature lent but for a day  
 Her wings to mak ye sprush an' gay ;  
 In her habuliments a while  
 Ye may your former fell beguile,  
 An' ding awa' the vexing thought  
 O' hourly dwyning into nought,

By

By beenging to your foppish brithers,  
 Black corbies dress'd in peacocks' feathers;  
 Like thee they dander here an' there,  
 Whan simmer's blinks are warm an' fair,  
 An' loo to snuff the healthy balm  
 Whan Ev'ning spreads her wing fae calm;  
 But whan she girns an' glowrs fae dow'r  
 Frae Borean houff in angry show'r,  
 Like thee they scoug frae street or field,  
 An' hap them in a lyther bield;  
 For they were never made to dree  
 The adverse gloom o' Fortune's eie,  
 Nor ever pried life's pining woes,  
 Nor pu'd the prickles wi' the rose.

Poor Butterfly! thy case I mourn,  
 To green kail-yard and fruits return:  
 How cou'd you troke the mavis' note  
 For "penny pies all-piping hot?"  
 Can lintie's music be compar'd  
 Wi' *gruntles* frae the City Guard?  
 Or can our flow'rs at ten hours bell  
 The gowan or the spink excel.

Now shou'd our sclates wi' hailstones ring,  
 What cabbage-fauld wad screen your wing?  
 Say, flutt'ring fairy! wer't thy hap  
 To light beneath braw NANNY's cap,  
 Wad she, proud butterfly of May!  
 In pity lat you skaithless stay;

The

The furies glancin frae her ein  
 Wad rug your wings o' filler sheen,  
 That, wae for thee ! far, far outvy  
 Her PARIS ARTIST'S finest dye ;  
 Then a' your bonny spraings wad fall,  
 An' you, a WORM be left to crawl.

To sic mishanter rins the laird  
 Wha quats his ha'-house an' kail-yard,  
 Grows politician, scours to court,  
 Whare he's the laughing-stock and sport  
 O' MINISTERS, wha jeer an' jibe,  
 An' heeze his hopes wi' thought o' bribe,  
 Till in the end they flae him bare,  
 Leave him to poortith, and to care.  
 Their fleetchin words ou'r late he sees,  
 He trudges hame, repines, an' dies.

Sic be their fa' wha dirk thir ben  
 In blackest businefs nae their ain ;  
 An' may they scad their lips fu' leal,  
 That dip their spoons in ither's kail.

END OF PART FIRST.



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# P O E M S

O N

## VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

### P A R T II.

#### ODE TO THE GOWDSPINK.

FRAE fields where SPRING her sweets has  
blawn

Wi' caller verdure o'er the lawn,

The GOWDSPINK comes in new attire,

The bravest 'mang the whistling choir,

That, 'ere the sun can clear his ein,

Wi' glib notes fane the simmer's green.

Sure NATURE herried mony a tree,

For sprains and bonny spats to thee:

Nae mair the *Rainbow* can impart

Sic glowing ferlies o' her art,

Whase pencil wrought its freaks at will

On thee the sey-piece o' her skill.

Nae mair thro' *Straths* in simmer dight  
 We seek the ROSE to bless our sight;  
 Or bid the bonny wa'-flowers sprout  
 On yonder RUIN's lofty snout.

Thy shining garments far outstrip  
 The cherries upo' HEBE's lip,  
 And fool the tints that Nature chose  
 To bask and paint the crimson rose.

'Mang man, wae's-heart! we aften find  
 The brawest drest want peace of mind,  
 While he that gangs wi' ragged coat  
 Is weel contentit wi' his lot.

Whan WAND wi' glewy birdlime's fet,  
 To steal far aff your dautit mate,  
 Blyth wad ye change your cleething gay  
 In lieu of lav'rock's sober gray.

In vain thro' woods you fair may ban  
 The envious treachery of man,

That wi' your gowden glister ta'en,  
 Still hunts you on the simmer's plain,  
 And traps you 'mang the sudden fa's  
 O' winter's dreery dreepin' snaws.

Now seekit frae the gowany field,  
 Frae ilka fav'rite houff and bield,  
 But mergh, alas! to disengage  
 Your bonny buik frae fettering cage,

Your

You'r free-born bosom beats in vain  
 For darling liberty again.  
 In WINDOW hung, how aft we see  
 Thee keek around at warblers free,  
 That carrol fast, and sweetly sing  
 Wi' a' the blythness of the spring?  
 Like TANTALUS they hing you here  
 To spy the glories o' the year;  
 And tho' you're at the burnie's brink,  
 They douna suffer you to drink.

Ah, Liberty! 'thou bonny dame,  
 How wildly wanton is thy stream,  
 Round whilk the birdies a' rejoice,  
 An' hail you wi' a gratefu' voice.  
 The Gowdspink chatters joyous here,  
 And courts wi' gleesome sangs his peer:  
 The MAVIS frae the new-bloom'd thorn  
 Begins his *lauds* at earest morn;  
 And herd lowns louping o'er the grass,  
 Needs far less fleetching till his lass,  
 Than paughty damsels bred at courts,  
 Wha thraw their mou's, and take the dorts:  
 But, rest of thee, fient flee we care,  
 For a' that life ahint can spare.  
 The *Gowdspink*, that sae lang has kend  
 Thy happy sweets (his wonted friend),



Her sad confinement ill can brook  
 In some dark chamber's dowy nook ;  
 Tho' MARY's hand his nebb supplies,  
 Unkend to hunger's painfu' cries,  
 Ev'n beauty canna chear the heart  
 Frae life, frae liberty apart ;  
 For now we tyne its wonted lay,  
 Sae lightsome sweet, sae blythly gay,  
 Thus FORTUNE aft a curse can gie,  
 To wyle us far frae liberty ;  
 Then tent her syren smiles wha list,  
 I'll ne'er envy your GIRNEL's grist ;  
 For whan fair freedom smiles nae mair,  
 Care I for life ? Shame fa' the hair ;  
 A FIELD o'ergrown wi' rankest-STUBBLE,  
 The essence of a paltry bubble.

### CALLER WATER.

**W**HAN father *Adie* first pat spade in  
 The bonny yeard of antient Eden,  
 His amry had nae liquor laid in  
 To fire his mou',  
 Nor did he thole his wife's upbraidin'  
 For being foue

A caller burn o' filler sheen,  
 Ran cannily out o'er the green,  
 And whan our gutcher's drouth had been  
 To bide right fair,  
 He loutit down and drank bedeen  
 A dainty skair.

His bairns a' before the flood  
 Had langer tack o' flesh and blood,  
 And on mair pithy shanks they stood  
 Than Noah's line,  
 Wha still hae been a feckless brood  
 Wi' drinking wine.

The fuddlin' Bardies now-a-days  
 Rin *maukin*-mad in Bacchus' praise;  
 And limp and stoiter thro' their lays  
*Anacreontic*,  
 While each his sea of wine displays  
 As big's the Pontie.

My muse will no gang far frae hame,  
 Or scour a' airths to hound for fame;  
 In troth the jillet ye might blame  
 For thinking on't,  
 Whan eithly she can find the theme  
 Of *aqua font*.

**This is the name that doctors use**

**Their patients noddles to confuse :**

Wi' *simples* clad in terms abstruse,

**They labour still,**

**In kittle words to,gar you roose**

**Their want o' skill.**

But we'll hae nae fick clitter-clatter,

And briefly to expound the matter,

It shall be ca'd good *Caller Water*,

Than whilk, I trow,

## Few drugs in doctors shops are better

**For me or you.**

Tho' joints are stiff as ony rung,

Your pith wi' pain be fairly dung,

Be you in *Caller Water* flung

Out o'er the lugs,

'Twill mak you fouple, fwack and young,

## Withouten drugs.

Tho' cholic or the heart-scad teaze us,

| Or any inward pain should seize us,

**It masters a' sic fell diseases**

That would ye spulzie,

**[ And brings them to a canny crisis**

**Wi' little tulzie.**

**Wer't**

Wer't na for it the bonny lasses  
 Would glowr nae mair in keeking glasse,  
 And soon tine dint o' a' the graces  
 That aft conveyen

In gleefu' looks and bonny faces,  
 To catch our ein.

The fairest then might die a maid,  
 And Cupid quit his shooting trade,  
 For wha thro' clarty *masquerade*  
 Could then discover,  
 Whether the featnres under shade  
 Were worth a lover?

As simmer rains bring simmer show'rs,  
 And leaves to cleed the *birken bow'rs*,  
 Sae beauty gets by caller show'rs,  
 Sae rich a bloom  
 As for estate, or heavy dow'rs  
 Aft stands in room.

What makes Auld Reikie's dames sae fair,  
 It canna be the halefome air,  
 But *caller burn* beyond compare,  
 The best of ony,  
 That gars them a' sic graces skair,  
 And blink sae bonny.

On



On *May-day* in a fairy ring,  
We've seen them round *St Antho'n's* spring,  
Frae grafs the caller *dew-drops* wring  
To weet their ein,  
And water clear as cryftal spring,  
To fynd them clean.

O may they still pursue the way  
To look fae feat, fae clean, fae gay !  
Than shall their beauties glance like *May*,  
And, like her, be  
The goddesses of the vocal spray,  
The Muse and me.

## THE SITTING OF THE SESSION.

PHOEBUS, fair cow'd wi' summer's hight,  
Cours near the YARD wi' blinking light;  
Could shaw the haughs, nae mair bedight  
Wi' summer's claes,  
They heeze the heart o' dowy wight  
That thro' them gaes.

**Week**

Weel loes me o' you, **BUSINESS**, now,  
 For ye'll weet mony a drouthy mou,  
 That's lang a eifning gane for you,

Withouten fill

O' dribbles frae the gude *brown cow*,

Or Highland gill.

The **COURT** o' **SESSION**, weel wat I,  
 Pits ilk chiel's *whittle* i' the pye,  
 Can criesh the slaw-gaun wheels whan dry,

Till Session's done,

Tho' they'll gie mony a cheap and ery

Or twalt a June.

Ye benders a', that dwell in joot,  
 You'll tak your liquor clean cap out,  
 Synd your moufe-webs wi' reaming stout,

While ye hae cash,

And gar your cares a' tak the rout,

An' thumb ne'er fash.

**ROB GIBB**'s grey gizz, new frizl'd fine,  
 Will white as ony snaw-ba' shine;  
 Weel does he loe the **LAWN** coin

Whan doffied down,

For whisky gills or dribbs of wine

In cauld forenoon.

Bar-

Bar-keepers now, at OUTER DOOR,  
 Tak tent as fock gang back and fore ;  
 The fient ane there but pays his score,  
   Nane wins toll-free  
 Tho' ye've a CAUSE the house before,  
   Or agent be.

Gin ony here wi' CANKER knocks,  
 And has na lous'd his filler pocks,  
 Ye need na think to fleetch or cox ;  
   "Come shaw's your gear ;  
 "Ae scabbit yew spills twenty FLOCKS,  
   Ye's no be here."

Now at the door they'll raise a plea ;  
 Crack on, my lads !—for flyting's free ;  
 For gin ye shou'd tongue-tacket be,  
   The mair's the pity,  
 Whan scalding but and ben we see  
   PENDENTE LITE.

The LAWYER's *skelfs*, and PRINTER's *presses*,  
 Grain unco fair wi' weighty cases ;  
 The *clark* in toil his pleasure places,  
   To thrive bedeen ;  
 At five-hour's bell scribes shaw their faces,  
   And rake their ein.

The

The country fock to lawyers crook,

" Ah ! weels me on your bonny buik !

" The benmost part o' my kist nook

" I'll ripe for thee,

" And willing ware my hindmost rook

" For my decree."

But LAW's a DRAW-WELL unco deep,

Withouten RIM fock out to keep ;

A donnart chiel, whan drunk, may dreep

Fu' fleely in,

But finds the gate baith *stay* and *steep*,

'Ere out he win.

# *The* RISING *of the* SESSION.

**T**O a' men living be it kend,

The SESSION now is at an end :

Writers, your finger-nebbs unbend,

And quatt the pen,

Till *Time* wi' lyart pow shall send

Blythe June again.

Tir'd



Tir'd o' the law, and a' its phrases,  
 The wylie *writers*, rich as *Cræsus*,  
 Hurl frae the town in hackney chaises,

For country cheer :

The *powny* that in spring-time grazes,  
 Thrives a' the year.

Ye lawyers, bid fareweel to lies,  
 Fareweel to din, fareweel to fees,  
 The canny hours o' rest may please

Instead o' filler :

Hain'd *multer* hads the *mill* at ease,  
 And finds the *mill*er.

Blythe they may be wha wanton play  
 In *fortune's* bonny blinkin ray,  
 Fu' weel can they ding dool away

Wi' comrades counthy,

And never dree a hungert day,

Or e'ening drouthy.

Ohon the day for him that's laid,  
 In dowie *poortith's* caldrife shade,  
 Ablins o'er honest for his trade,

He racks his wits,

How he may get his buik weel clad,

And fill his guts.

The

The farmers sons, as yap as sparrows,  
Are glad, I trow, to flee the barras,  
And whistle to the plough and harrows

At barley feed :

What writer wadna gang as far as

He cou'd for bread!

After their yokin, I wat weel

They'll stoo the kebbuck to the heel;

Eith can the plough-stilts gar a chiel

Be unco vogie,

Clean to lick aff his crowdy-meal,

And scart his *cogie*.

Now mony a fallow's dung adrift

To a' the blasts beneath the list,

And tho' their stamack's aft in tist

In vacance time,

Yet seenil do they ken the rift

O' stappit weym.

Now gin a *Notar* shou'd be wanted,

You'll find the *pillars* gayly planted;

For little thing *protests* are granted

Upo' a bill,

And weightiest matters covenanted

For half a gill.

Nae body taks a morning dribb  
 O' *Holland gin* frae *Robin Gibb*;  
 And tho' a dram to Rob's mair sib  
   Than is his wife,  
 He maun tak time to daut his *Rib*  
   Till filler's rife.

This *vacance* is a heavy doom  
 On *Indian Peter's* coffee-room,  
 For a' his china pigs are toom;  
   Nor do we fee  
 In wine the fucker biskets soom  
   As light's a flee.

But stop, my *Muse*, nor mak a main,  
*Pate* disna fend on that alane;  
 He can fell twa dogs wi' ae bane,  
   While ither fock  
 Maun rest themselves content wi' ane,  
   Nor farer trock.

Ye change-house keepers never grumble,  
 Tho' you a while your bickers whumble,  
 Be unco patientfu' and humble,  
   Nor mak a din,  
 Tho' gude joot binna kend to rumble  
   Your weym within.

You needna grudge to draw your breath

For little mair than half a reath,

Than, gin we a' be spar'd frae death,

We'll gladly prie

Frelh noggans o' your reaming graith

Wi' blythsome glee.

## LEITH RACES.

### I.

IN JULY month, ae bonny morn,

Whan Nature's rokelay green

Was spread o'er ilka rigg o' corn

To charm our roving een;

Glouring about I saw a quean,

The fairest 'neath the lift;

Her een were o' the filler sheen,

Her skin like snawy drift,

Sae white that day.

### II.

Quod she, "I ferly unco fair,

"That ye sud mufand gae,

"Ye wha hae sung o' HALLOW-FAIR,

"Her winter's pranks and play:



“ Whan on LEITH-SANDS the racers rare,  
 “ Wi’ Jocky louns are met,  
 “ Their orrow pennies there to ware,  
 “ And drown themsel’s in debt  
 “ Fu’ deep that day.”

III.

An’ wha are ye, my winsome dear,  
 That takes the gate sae early?  
 Whare do ye win, gin ane may spear,  
 For I right meikle ferly,  
 That sick braw buskit laughing lass  
 Thir benny blinks shou’d gie,  
 An’ loup like *Hebe* o’er the grafs,  
 As wanton and as free

Frae dule this day?

IV.

“ I dwell among the caller springs  
 “ That weet the *Land o’ Cakes*,  
 “ And aften tune my canty strings  
 “ At *bridals* and *late-wakes*;  
 “ They ca’ me *Mirth*; I ne’er was kend  
 “ To grumble or look foor,  
 “ But blyth wad be a lift to lend,  
 “ Gif ye wad ley my pow’r  
 “ An’ pith this day.”

## V.

A bargain be't, and, by my feggs,  
 Gif ye will be my mate,  
 Wi' you I'll screw the cheery pegs;  
 ' Ye shanna find me blate;  
 We'll reel an' ramble thro' the sands,  
 And jeer wi' a' we meet;  
 Nor hip the daft and gleesome bands  
 That fill EDINA's street  
 Sae thrang this day.

## VI.

Ere servant maids had wont to rise  
 To seeth the breakfast kettle,  
 Ilk dame her brawest ribbons tries,  
 To put her on her mettle,  
 Wi' wiles some filly chiel to sap  
 (And troth he's fain to get her,)  
 But she'll craw knieflly in his crap,  
 Whan, wow! he canna flit her  
 Frae hame that day.

## VII.

Now mony a scaw'd and bare-ars'd loun  
 Rise early to their wark,  
 Enough to fley a muckle town,  
 Wi' dinfome squeel and bark;

“ Here is the true an’ faithfu’ list  
 “ O’ Noblemen and Horses;  
 “ Their eild, their weight, their height, their grist,  
 “ That rin for *Plates or Purfes*  
 “ Fu’ fleet this day.”

VIII.

To *Whisky Plooks* that brunt for wooks  
 On town-guard foldiers faces,  
 Their barber bauld his whittle crooks,  
 An’ scrapes them for the races:  
 Their *Stumps*, erst us’d to *Filipegs*,  
 Are dight in spatterdashies,  
 Whafe barkent hides scarce fend their legs  
 Frae weet and weary plashes  
 O’ dirt that day.

IX.

“ Come, hafe a care (the captain cries),  
 “ On guns your bagnets throw;  
 “ Now mind your manual exercise,  
 “ An’ marsh down raw by raw.”  
 And as they march he’ll glowr about,  
 ‘Tent a’ their cuts and scars:  
 Mang them fell mony a gauldy snout  
 Has gush in birth-day wars,  
 Wi’ blade that day.

X.

Her *Nanesel* maun be carefu' now,

Nor man she be misheard,

Sin baxter lads hae seal'd a vow

To ~~skelp~~ and clout the guard :

I'm sure *Auld Reikie* kens o' nane

That wou'd be sorry at it,

Tho' they should dearly pay the kane,

An' get their tails weel fautit

And fair thir days.

XI.

The tinkler billies i' the *Bow*

Are now less eidant ~~clinking~~,

As lang's their pith or filler dow,

They're daffin', and they're drinking,

Bedown *Leith-walk* what burrochs reel

O' ilka trade and station,

That gar their wives an' childer feel

Toom weym's for their libation

O' drink thir days.

XII.

The browfter wives thegither had

A' trash that they can sa' on;

They rake the grounds o' ilka barrel,

To profit by the lawen :



For weel wat they a skin leal het

For drinking needs nae hire ;

At drumbly gear they take nae pet ;

Foul *water* slockens *fire*

And drouth thir days,

XIII.

They say, ill ale has been the deid

O' mony a beirdly lown ;

Then dinna gape like gleds wi' greed

To sweel hail bickers down ;

Gin Lord send mony ane the morn,

They'll ban fu' fair the time

That e'er they toutit aff the horn,

Which wambles thro' their weym

Wi' pain that day.

XIV.

The Buchan bodies thro' the beech

Their bunch of *Findrums* cry,

An' skirl out baul', in Norland speech,

" Guid speldings, fa will bury."

An', by my faul, they're nae wrang gear

To gust a stirrah's mow ;

Weel staw'd wi' them, he'll never spear

The price o' being fu'

Wi' drink that day.

XV.

## XV.

Now wyly wights at *Rowly Powl*,

An' flingin' o' the *Dice*,

Here brake the banes o' mony a foul

Wi' fa's upo' the ice :

At first the gate seems fair an' straught,

So they had fairly till her ;

But wow ! in spite o' a' their maught,

They're rookit o' their filler

An' goud that day.

## XVI.

Around where'er ye fling your een,

The *Haiks* like wind are scourin' ;

Some chaises honest folk contain,

An' some hae mony a *Whore* in ;

Wi' rose and lilly, red and white,

They gie themselves sic fit airs,

Like *DIAN*, they will seem perfite ;

But its nae goud that glitters

Wi' them thir days.

## XVII.

The *LYON* here, wi' open paw,

May cleek in monny hunder,

Wha geck at *SCOTLAND* and her law,

His wyly talons under ;

For

For ken, tho' JAMIE's laws are auld,  
 (Thanks to the wise recorder!)  
 His Lyon yet roars loud and bauld,  
 To had the Whigs in order

Sae prime this day.

### XVIII.

To town-guard DRUM of clangor clear,  
 Baith men and steeds are raingit;  
 Some liveries red or yellow wear,  
 And some are tartan spraingit:  
 And now the red, the blue e'en-now  
 Bids fairest for the market;  
 But, 'ere the sport be done, I trow  
 Their skins are gayly yarkit

And peel'd thir days.

### XIX.

Siclike in ROBINHOOD debates,  
 Whan twa chiels hae a pingle;  
 E'en-now some couli gets his aits,  
 An' dirt wi' words they mingle,  
 Till up louns he, wi' diction fu',  
 There's lang and dreech contesting;  
 For now they're near the point in view;  
 Now ten miles frae the question

In hand that night.

## XX.

The races o'er, they hale the dools

Wi' drink o' a' kin-kind;

Great feck gae hirpling hame like fools,

The cripple lead the blind.

May ne'er the canker o' the drink

E'er make our spirits thrawart,

'Case we git wharewitha' to wink

Wi' een as *blue's* a *blawart*

Wi' *straiks* thir days!

## The FARMER'S INGLE.

*Et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho,  
Ante focum, si frigus erit.* VIRG. BUC.

## I.

WHAN gloming grey out o'er the welkin  
keeks,

Whan *Batie* ca's his owfen to the byre,

Whan *Thrasher John*, fair dung, his barn-door  
steeks,

And lussy lasses at the dighting tire:

What bangs fu' leal the e'enings coming cauld,

And gars snaw-tapit winter freeze in vain;

Gars dowie mortals look baith blyth and bauld,

Nor fly'd wi' a' the poortith o' the plain;

Begin, my Muse, and chant in hamely strain.

## II.



II.

Frae the big stack, weel winnow't on the hill,  
 Wi' *divets* theekit frae the weet and drift,  
*Sods, peats*, and *heath'ry turfs* the chimley fill,  
 And gar their thick'ning smeeek salute the list,  
 The *gudeman*, new come hame, is blyth to find,  
 Whan he out o'er the *halland* flings his een,  
 That ilka turn is handled to his mind,  
 That a' his housie looks sae cosh and clean;  
 For cleanly house loes he, tho' e'er sae mean.

III.

Weel kens the *gudewife* that the plenghs require  
 A heartsome *meltith*, and refreshing synd  
 O' nappy liquor, o'er a bleezing fire:  
 Sair wark and poortith douna weel be join'd.  
 Wi' butter'd *bannocks* now the *girdle* reeks;  
 I' the far nook the *bowie* briskly reams;  
 The readied *kail* stand by the chimley cheeks,  
 And had the riggin het wi' welcome streams;  
 Whilk than the daintiest kitchen nicer seems.

IV.

Frae this lat gentler gabs a lesson lear;  
 Wad they to labouring lend an eidant hand,  
 They'd rax fell strang upo' the simplest fare,  
 Nor find their stamacks ever at a stand.

Fu' hale and healthy wad they pass the day,  
 At night in calmest slumbers dose fu' found,  
 Nor doctor need their weary life to spae,  
 Nor drops their noddle and their sense confound,  
 Till death slip sleekly on, and gie the hindmost  
 wound.

V.  
 On sicken food has mony a doughty deed  
 By Caledonia's ancestors been done,  
 By this did mony wight fu' weirlike bleed

In *brulzies* frae the dawn to set o' sun;  
 'Twas this that brac'd their *gardies*, stiff and strang,  
 That bent the deidly yew in antient days,  
 Laid Denmark's daring sons on yird along,  
 Gar'd Scottish *thristles* bang the Roman *bays*;  
 For near our *crest* their heads they dought na  
 raise.

VI.  
 The couthy cracks begin whan supper's o'er,  
 The cheèring *bicker* gars them glibly gash  
 O' simmer's *showeny blinks* and winters sour,  
 Whase floods did erst their mailins produce haste:  
 'Bout *kirk* and *market* eke their tales gae on,  
 How *Jock* woo'd *Jenny* here to be his bride,  
 And there how *Marion*, for a bastard son,  
 Upo' the *catty-scool* was forc'd to ride,  
 The waefu' scald o' our *Mess John* to bide.

## VII.

The fient a chiep's among the barnies now ;

For a' their anger's wi' their hunger gane :

Ay, maun the childer, wi' a fastin mou',

Grumble and greet, and make an unco mane,

In rangles round before the ingle's low :

Frae *gudame's* mouth auld warld tale they hear,

O' *Warlocks* loupin round the *Wirrikow*,

O' ghaists that win in glem and kirk-yard drear,

Whilk touzles a' their tap, and gars them shak

wi' fear.

## VIII.

For weel she trows that fiends and fairies be

Sent frae the de'il to fleetch us to our ill ;

That ky hae tint their milk wi' evil eie,

And corn been scowder'd on the glowing kill.

O mock na this, my friends ! but rather mourn,

Ye in life's brawest spring wi' reason clear,

Wi' eild our idle fancies a' return,

And dim our dolesu' days wi' bairnly fear ;

The mind's ay *cradled* whan the *grave* is near.

## IV.

Yet *thrift*, industrious, bides her latest days,

Tho' age here sair dow'd front wi' runcles wave,

Yet frae the russet lap the *spindle* plays,

Her e'enin stent reels she as weel's the lave.

On

On some feast-day, the *wee-things* bulkit braw  
 Shall heeze her heart up wi' a silent joy,  
 Fu' cadgie that her head was up and faw  
 Her ain spun cleething on a darling oy,  
 Careless tho' death shou'd make the feast her  
 foy.

X.

In its auld *lerroch* yet the *dear* remains,  
 Whare the gudeman aft streeks him at his ease,  
 A warm and canny lean for weary banes  
 O' lab'ers doil'd upo' the wintry leas :  
 Round him will *badrins* and the *colly* come,  
 To wag their tail, and cast a thankfu' eie  
 To him who kindly flings them mony a crum  
 O' kebbock whang'd, and dainty fadge to prie ;  
 This a' the boon they crave, and a' the fee.

XI.

Frae him the *lads* their morning counsel tak,  
 What stacks he wants to thrash, what rigs to  
 till ;  
 How big a birn maun lie on *bassie's* back,  
 For meal and multure to the *thirling mill*.  
 Nienst the gudewife her hireling damsels bids  
 Glour thro' the byre, and see the hawkies bound,  
 Take tent case *Crummy* tak her wonted tids,  
 And ca' the laiglen's treasure on the ground,  
 Whilk spills a *kebbuck* nice, or yellow pound.



## XII.

Then a' the house for sleep begin to grieve,  
 Their joints to slack frae industry a while;  
 The leaden God fa's heavy on their ein,  
 And hasslins steeks them frae their daily toil:  
 The cruizy too can only blink and bleer,  
 The restit ingle's done the maist it dow;  
 Tacksmen and cottar eke to bed maun steer,  
 'Upo' the cod to clear their drumly pow,  
 Till wanken'd by the dawning's ruddy glow.

## XIII.

Peace to the husbandman and a' his tribe,  
 Whase care fells a' our wants frae year to  
 year;  
 Lang may his sock and cruter turn the gleyb,  
 And batks o' corn bend down wi' laded ear.  
 May SCOTIA's simmers ay look gay and green,  
 Her yellow har'fts frae scowry blasts decreed;  
 May a' her tenants fit fu' snug and bien,  
 Frae the hard grip of ails and poortith freed,  
 And a lang lasting train o' peaceful hours suc-  
 ceed.

THE

## THE ELECTION.

*Nunc est bibendum, et bendere BICKERUM magnum ;  
Cavete TOWN-GUARDUM, D——l G—dd—m  
atque C—pb—m.*

## I.

REJOICE, ye BURGHERS, ane an' a',  
Lang look't for's come at last;

Sair war your backs hekl to the wa'

Wi' poertith an' wi' fast :

Now ye may clap your wings an' craw,

And gayly busk ilk' feather,

For Deacon Cocks hae pass'd a law

To rax an' weet your leather

Wi' drink thir days.

## II.

Haste Epps, quo John, an' bring my gezz !

Take tent ye dinna't spulzie :

Last night the barber gae't a frizz,

An' straitit it wi' ulzie.

Hae done your paritch, lassie Lizz,

Gie me my fark an' gravat ;

Pse be as braw's the Deacon is

Whan he tak's Affidavit

O' Faith the day.

III.

Whar's *Johnny* gaun, cries neebour *Bess*,  
 That he's fae gayly bodin  
 Wi' new kam'd wig, weel syndet face,  
 Silk hose, for hamely hodin?  
 " Our *Johnny*'s nae sma' drink you'll gues, "  
 " He's trig as ony muir-cock,  
 " An' forth to mak a Deacon, lass;  
 " He downa speak to poor fock  
 " Like us the day."

IV.

The coat ben-by i' the kist-nook,  
 That's been this towmonth swarming,  
 Is brought yence mair thereout to look,  
 To fleg awa the vermin;  
 Menziès o' *Moths* an' *Flaes* are shook,  
 An' i' the floor they howder,  
 Till in a birn beneath the crook  
 They're singit wi' a scowder  
 To death that day.

V.

The canty cabler quats his sta',  
 His *Rozet* an' his *Lingans*;  
 His buik has dree'd a fair, fair fa'  
 Frae meals o' bread an' *ingans* :

Now

Now he's a pow o' wit an' law,

An' taunts at foals an' heels ;

To *Walker's* he can rin awa,

There whang his *creams* an' *jeels*

Wi' life that day.

VI.

The lads in order tak their seat,

(The de'il may claw the clungest !)

They stegh an' connach sae the meat,

Their teeth mak mair than tongue haste ;

Their *claes* sae cleanly dight an' feat,

An' eke their *craw-black beavers*,

Like *masters* mows hae found the gate

To tassels teugh wi flavers

Fu' lang that day.

VII.

The dinner done, for brandy strang

They cry, to weet their thrapple,

To gar the stamack bide the bang,

Nor wi' its laden grapple.

The grace is said—its nae o'er lang ;

The claret reams in bells ;

Quod *Deacon* let the toast round gang,

“ Come, here's our *Noble sel's*

*Weel met the day.*”

VIII.



## VIII.

Weels me o' drink, quo' *cooper* Will,  
 My *barrel* has been geyz'd ay,  
 An' has na gotten sic a fill  
 Sin fu' on handsel. Teyfday :  
 But makes-na, now it's got a sweel,  
 Ae gird I shanna cast lad,  
 Or else I wifh the horned de'il  
 May *Will* wi' kittle cast dad  
 To h—ll the day.

## IX.

The *Magistrates* fu' wyly are,  
 Their lamps are gayly blinking,  
 But they might as leive burn elsewhere,  
 Whan fock's *blind fu'* wi' drinking.  
 Our *Deacon* wadna ca' a chair,  
 The fowl ane durst him na-say ;  
 He took *shanks-naig*, but, fient may care !  
 He *arflins* kifs'd the causey  
 Wi' *bir* that night.

## X.

Weel loes me o' you, fouter *Jock*,  
 For tricks ye buit be trying,  
 Whan greapin for his ain bed-stock,  
 He fa's whare *Will's* wife's lying,

Will

Will coming hame wi' ither fock,

He saw *Jock* there before him;

Wi' *Master Laiglen* like a brock

He did wi' stink maist smore him

Fu' strang that night,

XI.

Then wi' a' souple leathern whang

He gart them fidge and girn ay,

"Faith, Chiel, ye's no for naething gang

"Gin ye man reel my pirny."

Syne wi' a muckle alshin lang

He brodit *Maggie's* hurdies;

An' cause he thought her i' the wrang,

There pass'd nae bonny wordies

Mang them that night.

XII.

Now, had some laird his lady fand

In sic unseemly courses,

It might hae loos'd the haly band,

Wi' law-suits an' *Divorces* :

But the niest day they a' shook hands,

And ilka *crack* did fowder,

While *Megg* for drink her apron pawns,

For a' the gude-man cow'd her

Whan fu' last night.

XIII.

## XIII.

Glowr round the cawsey, up an' down,  
 What mobbing and what plotting!  
 Here politicians bribe a loun  
 Against his faul for voting.  
 The gowd that inlakes half a crown  
 Thir blades lug out to try them,  
 They pouch the gowd, nor fash the town  
 For weights an' scales to weigh them  
 Exact that day.

## XIV.

Then *Deacons* at the counsel stent  
 To get themsel's presentit;  
 For towmonths twa their faul is lent,  
 For the town's gude indentit;  
 Lang's their debating thereanent;  
 About *Protests* they're bauthrin,  
 While *Sandy Fife*, to make content,  
 On *Bells* plays *Clout the Caudron*  
 To them that day.

## XV.

Ye lowns that troke in doctor's stuff,  
 You'll now hae unco flaisters;  
 Whan windy blaws their *Stamacks* puff,  
 They'll need baith pills an' plaisters;

For tho' e'en-now they look right bluff,  
 Sic drinks, 'ere *Hillocks* meet,  
 Will hap some Deacons in a truff,  
 Inrow'd in the lang leet  
 O' death yon night.

TO THE TRON-KIRK BELL

WANWORDY, crazy, dingsome thing,  
 As e'er was fram'd to jow or ring,  
 What gar'd them sic in steeple hing  
 They ken themsel',  
 But weel wat I they coudna bring  
 War sounds frae hell.

What de'il are ye? that I shou'd bann,  
 Your neither kin to pat nor pan;  
 Nor *uly pig*, nor *maister-cann*  
 But weel may gie  
 Mair pleasure to the ear o' man  
 Than stroke o' thee.

*Fleece merchants* may look bald, I trow,  
 Sin a' *Auld Reikie's* childer now  
 Maun stap their lugs wi' teats o' woo,  
 Thy sound to bang,  
 And keep it frae gawn thro' and thro'  
 Wi' jarrin' twang.

Your



Your noisy tongue, there's nae abideint,  
Like scauldung wife's, there is nae guideint :  
Whan I'm 'bout ony bus'ness eident,  
It's fair to thole ;

To deave me, than, ye tak a pride in't  
Wi' senseless knoll.

O! war I provost o' the town,  
I swear by a' the pow'rs aboon,  
I'd bring ye wi' a reesle down ;  
Nor shud you think

(Sae fair I'd crack and clour your crown),  
Again to clink.

For whan I've toom'd the meikle cap,  
An' fain wad fa' ower in a nap,  
Troth I cou'd doze as foun's a tap,  
Wer't na for thee

That gies the tither weary chap  
To wauken me.

I dreamt ae night I saw Auld Nick ;  
Quo' he, " This bell o' mine's a trick,  
" A wylie piece o' politic,  
" A cunnin snare

" To trap fock in a cloven stick,  
" 'Ere they're aware.

" As

" As lang's my dautit bell hings there,  
 " A' body at the kirk will skair;  
 " Quo they, gif he that preaches there  
 " Like it can wound,  
 " We douna care a fingle hair  
 " For joyfu' found."

If magistrates wi' me wud 'gese,  
 For ay *tongue-tackit* shud you be,  
 Nor fleg wi' *antimelody*  
 Sic honest fock,  
 Whase lugs were never made to dree  
 Thy doolfa' shock.

But far frae thee the *bailies* dwell,  
 Or they wud scunner at your knell,  
 Gie the *foul thief* his riven bell,  
 And than, I trow,  
 The by-word hads, " the de'il himsel'  
 " Has got his due."

MUTUAL COMPLAINT OF PLAINSTANES  
 and CAUSEY, in their Mother-tongue.

SINCE *Merlin* laid Auld Reikie's cauley,  
 And made her o' his wark right fauky,  
 The spacious *street* and *plainstones*  
 Were never kend to crack but anes,

Whilk happened on the hinder night,  
 Whan *Frazer's* ulie tint its light,  
 O' Highland sentries nane were waukin,  
 To hear their cronies glibbly taukin;  
 For them this wonder might hae rotten,  
 And, like *night robb'ry*, been forgotten,  
 Had na' a cadie, wi' his lanthron,  
 Been gleg enough to hear them bant'rin,  
 Wha came to me neist morning early,  
 To gi'e me tidings o' this ferly.

Ye taunting lowns trow this nae joke,  
 For anes the afs of Balaam spoke,  
 Better than lawyers do, forsooth,  
 For it spake naething but the truth!  
 Whether they follow its example,  
 You'll ken best whan you hear the fample.

### PLAINSTANES.

My friend, thir hunder years and mair,  
 We've been forfoughen late and air,  
 In sun-shine, and in weety weather,  
 Our thrawart lot we bure thegither.  
 I never growl'd, but was content  
 Whan ilk ane had an equal stent,  
 But now to flyte I'se e'en be bauld,  
 Whan I'm wi' sic a grievance thrall'd,

How

How haps it, say, that mealy bakers,  
 Hair-kaimers, crieshy gezy-makers,  
 Shou'd a' get leave to waste their powders  
 Upo' my beaux and ladies shoulders?  
 My travellers are flei'd to deid  
 Wi' creels wanchancy, heap'd wi' bread,  
 Frae whilk hing down uncanny nicksticks,  
 That aften gie the maidens sic licks,  
 As make them blyth to skreen their faces  
 Wi' *hats* and muckle maun *bon-graces*,  
 And cheat the lads that fain wad see  
 The glances o' a pauky eie,  
 Or gie thir loves a wylie wink,  
 That erst might lend their hearts a clink!  
 Speak, was I made to dree the ladin  
 O' Gallic chairman heavy treadin,  
 Wha in my tender buke bore holes  
 Wi' wae fu' tackets i' the soals  
 O' broggs, whilk on my body tramp,  
 And wound like death at ilka clamp?

### CAUSEY.

Weil crackit friend—It aft hads true,  
 Wi' naething fock make maist ado:  
 Weel ken ye, tho' ye doughtna tell,  
 I pay the fairest kain mysell;



Owr me ilk day big waggons rumble,  
 And a' my fabric birze and jumble ;  
 Owr me the muckle horfes gallop,  
 Eneugh to rug my very faul up ;  
 And coachmen never trow they're finning,  
 While down the street their wheels are spinning.  
 Like thee, do I not bide the brunt  
 O' Highland chairman's heavy dunt ?  
 Yet I hae never thought o' breathing  
 Complaint, or making din for naething.

### PLAINSTANES.

Had fae, and lat me get a word in,  
 Your back's best fitted for the burden ;  
 And I can eithly tell you why,  
 Ye're doughtier by far than I ;  
 For whin-stanes, howkit frae the craigs,  
 May thole the prancing feet of naigs,  
 Nor ever fear uncanny hotches  
 Frae clumsy carts or hackney-coaches,  
 While I, a weak and fecklefs creature,  
 Am moulded by a faster nature.  
 Wi' mason's chissel dighted neat,  
 To gar me look baith clean and feat,  
 I scarce can bear a fairer thump  
 Than comes frae sole of shoe or pump.

I grant, indeed, that, now and then,  
Yield to a *paten's* pith I maun;  
But patens, tho' they're aften plenty,  
Are ay laid down wi' feet fu' tenty,  
And stroaks frae ladies, tho' they're teasing,  
I freely maun avow are pleasing.

For what use was I made, I wonder,  
It was na tamely to chap under  
The weight o' ilka codroch chiel,  
That does my skin to targets peel;  
But gin I guess aright, my trade is  
To fend frae skaith the bonny ladies,  
To keep the bairnies free frae harms  
Whan airing in their nurfes arms,  
To be a safe and canny bield  
For growing youth or drooping eild.

Take then frae me the heavy load  
O' burden-bearers heavy shod,  
Or, by my troth, the gude auld town shall  
Hae this affair before their council.

### CAUSEY.

I dinna care a single jot,  
Tho' summon'd by a shelly-coat,  
Sae leally I'll propone defences,  
As get ye flung for my expences;

Your libel I'll impugn *verbatim*,  
 And hae a *magnum damnum datum* ;  
 For tho' frae *Arthur's-seat* I sprang,  
 And am in constitution strang,  
 Wade it not fret the hardest stane  
 Beneath the *Luckenbooths* to grane ?  
 Tho' magistrates the *Crofs* discard,  
 It makes na whan they leave the *Guard*,  
 A lumberfome and stinkin bigging,  
 That rides the fairest on my rigging.  
 Poor me owr meikle do ye blame,  
 For tradesmen tramping on your wame,  
 Yet a' your advocates and braw fock  
 Come still to me 'twixt ane and twa 'clock,  
 And never yet were kend to range  
 At *Charlie's Statue* or *Exchange*.  
 Then tak your beaux and macaronies,  
 Gie me trades-fock and country Johnnies ;  
 The deil's in't gin ye dinna sign  
 Your sentiments conjunct wi' mine.

### PLAINSTANES.

Gin we twa cou'd be as auld-farrant  
 As gar the council gie a warrant,  
 Ilk lown rebellious to tak,  
 Wha walks not in the proper track,

And

And o' three shillings Scottish suck him,  
 Or in the *water-hole* fair douk him,  
 This might assist the poor's collection,  
 And gie baith parties satisfaction.

### CAUSEY.

But first, I think it will be good  
 To bring it to the *Robinhood* \*,  
 Whare we shall hae the question stated,  
 And keen' and crabbitly debated,  
 Whether the provost and the bailies,  
 For the town's gude whafe daily toil is,  
 Shou'd listen to our joint petitions,  
 And see obtemper'd the conditions.

### PLAINSTANES.

Content am I—But east the gate is  
 The fun, wha taks his leave of Thetis,  
 And comes to wauken honest fock,  
 That gang to wark at sax o'clock ;  
 It sets us to be dumb a while,  
 And let our words gie place to toil.

\* A new instituted society, then held weekly in the Thistle Lodge, but which now goes under the name of the PANTHEON, and meets occasionally in *Mary's Chapel*, where the grand concerns of the nation are debated by a set of juvenile Cicero's.



## A DRINK ECLOGUE.

LANDLADY, BRANDY, and WHISKY.

O N auld worm-eaten skelf, in cellar dunk,  
 Whare hearty benders fynd their drouthy  
 trunk,

Twa chappin bottles, pang'd wi' liquor fu',  
 BRANDY the tane, the ither WHISKY blue,  
 Grew canker'd; for the twa ware het within,  
 An' het-skin'd fock to flyting soon begin :  
 The FRENCHMAN fizz'd, and first wad foot the  
 field,  
 While paughty SCOTSMAN scorn'd to beenge or  
 yield.

## B R A N D Y.

Black be your fa! ye cottar loun mislear'd,  
 Blawn by the *Porters, Chairmen, City-Guard*;  
 Hae ye nae breeding, that you cock your nose  
 Against my sweetly gusted cordial dose.  
 I've been near pauky courts, and aften there  
 Hae ca'd *hystericks* frae the dowy fair ;  
 And *courtiers* aft gaed greening for my smack,  
 To gar them bauldly glour, and gashly crack,  
 The *priest*, to bang mishaunter's black, and cares,  
 Has sought me in his closet for his prayers.

What

What tig then takes the fates, that they can thole,  
 Thrawart to fix me in this weary hole,  
 Sair fash'd wi' din, wi' darkness, and wi' stinks,  
 Whare cheery day-light tho' the mirk ne'er blinks.

### W H I S K Y.

But ye maun be content, and mauna rue,  
 Tho' erst ye've bizz'd in bonny madam's mou' ;  
 Wi' thoughts like thae your heart may fairly dunt ;  
 The warld's now chang'd, its nae like afe and wont ;  
 For here, wae's me ! there's nouthel lord nor laird  
 Come to get heartscad frae their stamack skair'd :  
 Nae mair your courtier louns will shaw their face,  
 For they glowr eiry at a friend's disgrace ;  
 But heeze your heart up—Whan at court you hear  
 The patriot's *thrapple* wat wi' reaming beer ;  
 Whan *chairman*, weary wi' his daily gain,  
 Can synd his *whistle* wi' the clear *Champaign* ;  
 Be hopefu', for the time will soon row round,  
 Whan you'll nae langer dwell beneath the ground.

### B R A N D Y.

Wanwordy gowk ! did I fae aften shine  
 Wi' gowdin glister thro' the chrystal fine,  
 To thole your taunts, that seenil hae been seen  
 Awa frae luggie, quegh, or trunchen treein ;

Gif

Gif honour wad but lat, a *challenge* shou'd  
 Twin ye o' Highland *tongue* and Highland *blude*;  
 Wi' cairds like thee I scorn to file my thumb,  
 For gentle spirits gentle breeding doom.

### W H I S K Y.

Truly I think it right you get your alms,  
 Your high heart humbled amang common drams:  
 Braw days for you, whan fools newfangle fain,  
 Like ither countries better than their ain,  
 For there ye never saw sic chancy days,  
 Sic balls, assemblies, operas, or plays:  
 Hame-o'er langsyne you hae been blyth to pack  
 Your a' upon a *farkless* soldier's back;  
 For you thir lads, as weel-lear'd trav'lers tell,  
 Had sell'd their *farks*, gin *farks* they d had to sell.

But worth gets poortith an' black burning  
 shame,

To draunt and drivel out a life at hame.  
 Alake! the byword's o'er weel kend throughout,  
 " Prophets at hame are held in nae repute ;"  
 Sae fair'st wi' me, tho' I can heat the skin,  
 And set the saul upon a merry pin,  
 Yet I am hameil, there's the sour mischance !  
 I'm not frae Turkey, Italy, or France ;  
 For now our gentles gabbs are grown sae nice,  
 At thee they toot, an never speir my price :

Witness

Witness—for thee they hight their tenants rent,  
 And fill their lands wi' poortith, discontent ;  
 Gar them o'er seas for cheaper mailins hunt,  
 An' leave their ain as bare's the Cairn-o'mount.

## B R A N D Y.

Tho' lairds take toothfu's o' my warming sap,  
 This dwines nor tenants gear, nor cows their crap :  
 For love to you, there's mony a tenant gaes  
 Bare-ars'd and barefoot o'er the Highland braes :  
 For you nae mair the thrifty gudewife sees  
 Her lasses kirk, or birze the dainty cheefe ;  
*Crummie* nae mair for Jenny's hand will crune  
 Wi' milknefs dreeping frae her teats adown :  
 For you o'er ear the ox his fate partakes,  
 And fa's a victim to the bludy aix.

## W H I S K Y.

Wha is't that gars the greedy Bankers prieve  
 The *Maiden's tocher*, but the *Maiden's* leave :  
 By you when spulzied o' her charming pose,  
 She tholes in turn the taunt o' cauldrie joes ;  
 Wi' skelps like this fock sit but seenil down  
 To *wether-gammond* or *how-towdy* brown ;  
 Sair dung wi' dule, and fley'd for coming debt,  
 They gar their *mqw'-bits* wi' their *incomes* mett,

Content



Content eneugh gif they hae wherewithal  
Scrimply to tack their body and their faul.

## B R A N D Y.

Frae some poor poet, o'er as poor a pot,  
Ye've lear'd to crack sae crouse, ye haveril Scot!  
Or burgher politician, that embrues  
His tongue in thee, and reads the claiking news;  
But waes heart for you! that for ay maun dwell  
In poet's garret, or in chairman's cell,  
While I shall yet on bien-clad tables stand,  
Bouden wi' a' the daintiths o' the land.

## W H I S K Y.

Troth I hae been 'ere now the poet's flame,  
And heez'd his fangs to mony blythsome theme,  
Wha was't gar'd ALLIE's *chaunter* chirm fu' clear,  
Life to the faul, and music to the ear:  
Nae stream but kens, and can repeat the lay  
To shepherds streekit on the simmer brae,  
Wha to their *whistle* wi' the lav'rock bang,  
To wauken flocks the rural fields amang.

## B R A N D Y.

But here's the brouster-wife, and she can tell  
Wha's win the day, and wha shou'd wear the bell:  
Hae

Hae done your din, an' lat her judgment join  
In final verdict 'twixt your pley and mine.

# LANDLADY.

In days o' yore I cou'd my living prize,  
Nor fauth'd wi' dolefu' gaugers or excise;  
But now-a-days we're blyth to lear the thrift  
Our head's 'boon *licence* and *excise* to list:  
Inlakes o' BRANDY we can soon supply  
By WHISKY tinctur'd wi' the *saffron's* dye.

Will you your breeding threep, ye *mongrel loun*?  
Frae hame-bred liquor dy'd to colour brown?  
So *funky* braw, whan drest in master's claife,  
Struts to Auld Reikie's cros on funny days,  
Till some auld comerade, ablins out o' place,  
Near the vain upstart shaws his meagre face;  
Bumbaz'd he louns frae fight, and jooks his ken,  
Fley'd to be seen amang the tassel'd train.

To the PRINCIPAL and PROFESSORS of  
the University of St ANDREWS, on their  
*superb treat to Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON.*

ST ANDREW'S town may look right gawfy.

Nae *Grass* will grow upo' her cawsey,

Nor wa'-flow'rs of a yellow dye,

Glour dowy o'er her *Ruins* high,

Sin *Samy's* head weel pang'd wi' lear

Has seen the *Alma Mater* there:

Regents, my winsome billy boys!  
 'Bout him you've made an unco noise;  
 Nae doubt for him your bells wad clink  
 To find him upon *Eden's* brink,  
 An' a' things nicely set in order,  
 Wad keep him on the Fife border;  
 I'll warrant now, frae France an' Spain  
 Baith *Cooks* and *Scullions* mony ane  
 Wad gar the pats an' kettles tingle  
 Around the college kitchen ingle,  
 To fleg frae a' your craigs the roup,  
 Wi' reeking het and crieshy soup;  
 And *snails* and *puddocks* mony hunder,  
 Wad beeking lie the hearth-stane under,  
 Wi' roast and boil'd, an' a' kin kind,  
 To heat the body, cool the mind.

But hear, my lads! gin I'd been there,  
 How I wad trimm'd the bill o' fare!  
 For ne'er sic furly wight as he  
 Had met wi' sic respect frae me.  
 Mind ye what *Sam*, the lying loun!  
 Has in his *Dictionary* laid down?  
 That *Aits* in England are a feast  
 To cow an' horse, an' sickin beast,  
 While in Scots ground this growth was common  
 To gust the gab o' *Man* an' *Woman*.

Tak tent, ye *Regents*! then, an' hear  
 My list o' gudely hameil gear,  
 Sic as hae often rax'd the wyme  
 O' blyther fallows mony time;  
 Mair hardy, souple, steeve an' swank,  
 Than ever stood on *Samy's* shank.

*Imprimis*, then, a haggis fat,  
 Weel tottl'd in a seything pat,  
 Wi' *spice* and *ingans* weel ca'd thro',  
 Had help'd to gust the flirrah's mow,  
 An' plac'd itsell in truncher clean  
 Before the gilpy's glöwrin' een.

*Secundo*, then, a gude sheep's head,  
 Whase hide was singit, never flead,  
 And four black trotters, cled wi' girse,  
 Bedown his throat had learn'd to hirse.  
 What think ye neist o' gude fat brose  
 To clag his ribs? a dainty dose!  
 And white and bloody puddins routh,  
 To-gar the Doctor skirl, O Drouth!  
 Whan he cou'd never houp to merit  
 A cordial glafs o' reaming claret,  
 But thraw his nose, and brize and pegh  
 O'er the contents o' sma' ale quegh:  
 Then let his wisdom girn an' snarl  
 O'er a weel-tossit girdle farl,



An' learn, that, maugre o' his wame,  
 Ill bairns are ay best heard at hame.

Drummond, lang syne, o' Hawthorden,  
 The wyliest an' best o' men,  
 Has gi'en you dishes ane or mae,  
 That wad hae gar'd his grinders play,  
 Not to *Roast Beef*, old England's life !  
 But to the auld *East Nook of Fife*\*,  
 Whare Creilian crafts cou'd weel hae gi'en  
 Scate-rumples to hae clear'd his een ;  
 Than neist, whan *Samy's* heart was faintin,  
 He'd lang'd for scate to mak him wanton.

Ah ! willawins, for Scotland now,  
 Whan she maun stap ilk birky's mow  
 Wi' eistacks, grown as 'tware in pet  
 In foreign land, or green-houfe het,  
 Whan cog o' brose an' cutty spoon  
 Is a' our cottar childer's boon,  
 Wha thro' the week, till Sunday's speal,  
 Toil for pease-clods an' gude lang kail.  
 Devall then, Sirs, and never send  
 For daintiths to regale a friend,  
 Or, like a torch at baith ends burning,  
 Your house 'll soon grow mirk and mourning !

What's

\* Alluding to two tunes under these titles.

What's this I hear some cynic say?

Robin, ye loun! it's nae fair play;

Is there nae ither subject rife

Tø clap your thumb upon but Fife?

Gie o'er, young man, you'll meet your corning;

Than caption war, or charge o' horning;

Some canker'd, furly, four-mow'd carline

Bred near the abbey o' Dumfarline,

Your shoulders yet may gie a lounder,

An' be of verse the mal-confounder.

Come on, ye blades! but 'ere ye tulzie,

Or hack our flesh wi' sword or gulzie,

Ne'er shaw your teeth, nor look like stink,

Nor o'er an empty bicker blink:

What weets the wizen an' the wyme,

Will mend your prose, and heal my rhyme.

ELEGY on JOHN HOGG, late Porter to the  
University of ST ANDREWS.

DEATH, what's ado? the de'il be-licket,  
Or wi' your *stang* you ne'er had pricket,

Or our *auld ALMA MATER* tricket

O' poor John Hogg,

And trail'd him ben thro' your mark wicket

As dead's a log.

Now ilka glaikit scholar loun

May dander wae wi' *duddy* gown ;

*Kate Kennedy* \* to dowy crune

May mourn and clink,

And steeples o' Saint Andrew's town

To yird may sink,

Sin' *Pauly Tam* †, wi' canker'd snout,

First held the students in about,

To wear their claes as black as foot,

They ne'er had reason,

Till death John's haffit gae a clout

Sae out o' season.

Whan *regents* met at common schools,

He taught auld *Tam* to hale the dules,

And eident to row right the bowls,

Like ony emmack ;

He kept us a' within the rules

Strict academic.

Heh ! wha will tell the students now

To meet the *Pauly* cheek for chow,

Whan

\* A bell in the College steeple.

† A name given by the students, some time ago, to one of the members of the university.

Whan he, like *frightsome wirrikow*,  
 Had wont to rail,  
 And set our *stamacks* in a low,  
 Or we turn'd tail.

Ah, Johnny ! often did I grumble  
 Frae cozy bed fu' ear' to tumble,  
 Whan art and part I'd been in some ill,  
 Troth I was swear ;  
 His words they brodit like wumill  
 Frae ear to ear.

Whan I had been fu' laith to rise,  
 John than begid to moralize :  
 " The tither nap, the sluggard cries,  
 " And turns him round ;  
 " Sae spake auld Solomon the wise,  
 " Divine profound !"

Nae dominie, or wise mess John,  
 Was better lear'd in Solomon ;  
 He cited proverbs one by one  
 Ilk vice to tame ;  
 He gar'd ilk sinner figh an' groan,  
 And fear hell's flame.

" I hae nae meikle skill, quo' he,  
 " In what you ca' philosophy ;  
 " H



" It tells that baith the earth and sea

" Rin round about ;

" Either the Bible tells a lie,

" Or ye're a' out.

" Its i' the *psalms* o' DAVID writ,

" That this wide warld ne'er shou'd flit,

" But on the waters coshly sit

" Fu' steeve and lasting :

" An' was na he a head o' wit

" At sic contesting !"

On einings could wi' glee we'd trudge

To heat our shins in Johnny's lodge ;

The de'il ane thought his bum to budge

Wi' filler on us :

To claw *het pints* we'd never grudge

O' *molationis*.

Say, ye *red gowns* ! that aften here

Hae toasted bakes to Katie's beer,

Gin 'ere thir days hae had their peer,

Sae blyth, sae daft !

You'll ne'er again in life's career

Sit ha'f sae fast.

Wi' haffit locks, sae smooth and sleek,

John look'd like ony antient Greek ;

He



*The GHAISTS: A Kirk-yard Eclogue.*

*Did you not say in good ANN's day,  
 And vow and did protest, Sir,  
 That when Hanover should come o'er  
 We surely should be blest, Sir?*

An auld Sang made new again.

**W**HARE the braid planes in dowy murmurs  
 wave

Their antient taps out o'er the cauld-clad grave,  
 Whare *Geordie Girdwood* \*, mony a lang spun day,  
 Houkit for gentlest banes the humblest clay,  
 'Twa sheeted ghaists, sae grizly and sae wan,  
 'Mang lanely tombs their douff discourse began.

**WATSON.**

Could blaws the nippin north wi' angry fough,  
 And showers his hailstones frae the Castle Cleugh  
 O'er the Grayfriars, whare, at mirkest hour,  
 Bogles and spectres wont to tak their tour,  
 Harlin' the pows and shanks to hidden cairns,  
 Among the hamlocks wild, and sun-burnt ferns,  
 But nane the night, save you and I, hae come  
 Frae the dern mansions of the midnight tomb.

Now

\* *The late Sexton.*

Now whan the dawning's near, whan cock maun  
craw,

And wi' his angry bougil gar's withdraw,  
Ayont the kirk we'll stap, and there tak bield,  
While the black hours our nightly freedom yield.

### H E R R I O T.

I'm weel content; but binna cassen down,  
Nor trow the cock will ca' ye hame o'er soon,  
For tho' the eastern lift betakens day,  
Changing her rokely black for mantle grey,  
Nae weirlike bird our knell of parting rings,  
Nor sheds the caller moisture frae his wings.  
*Nature* has chang'd her course; the birds o' day  
Dofin' in silence on the bending spray,  
While owlets round the craigs at noon-tide flee,  
And bludy-bawks sit singand on the tree.  
Ah, *Caledon!* the land I yence held dear,  
Sair mane mak I for thy destruction near;  
And thou, *Edina!* anes my dear abode,  
Whan royal *Jamie* sway'd the sovereign rod,  
In thae blest days, weel did I think bestow'd  
To blaw thy poortith by wi' heaps o' gowd;  
To mak thee sonsy seem wi' mony a gift,  
And gar thy stately turrets speel the lift:  
In vain did Danish Jones, wi' gimcrack pains,  
In Gothic sculpture fret the pliant stanes:



In vain did he affix my statue here,  
 Brawly to bask wi' flow'rs ilk coming year;  
 My tow'rs are sunk, my lands are barren now,  
 My fame, my honour, like my flow'rs maun dow.

### WATSON.

Sure *Major Weir*, or some sic warlock wight,  
 Has flung beguillin' glamer o'er your sight;  
 Or else some kittle cantrup thrown, I ween,  
 Has bound in mirlygoes my ain twa ein,  
 If ever aught frae sense cou'd be believ'd  
 (And seenil hae my senses been deceiv'd),  
 This moment, o'er the top of Adam's tomb,  
 Fu' easy can I see your chieftest dome:  
 Nae corbie fleein' there, nor croupin' craws,  
 Seem to forspeak the ruin of thy haws,  
 But a' your tow'rs in wonted order stand,  
 Steeve as the rocks that hem our native land.

### HERRIOT.

Think na I vent my well-a-day in vain,  
 Kent ye the cause, ye sure wad join my mane.  
 Black be the day that e'er to England's ground  
 Scotland was eikit by the *Union's* bond;  
 For mony a menzie of destructive ills  
 The country now maun brook frae *mortmain bills*,

That

That void our test'ments, and can freely gie  
 Sic will and scoup to the ordain'd trustee,  
 That he may tir our stateliest riggins bare,  
 Nor acres, houses, woods, nor fishins spare,  
 Till he can lend the stoitering state a lift  
 Wi' gowd in gowpins as a grassum gift ;  
 In lieu o' whilk, we maun be weel content  
 To tyne the capital for three *per cent*.

A doughty sum indeed, whan now-a-days  
 They raise provisions as the stents they raise,  
 Yoke hard the poor, and lat the rich chieles be,  
 Pamper'd at ease by ithers' industry.

Hale interest for my fund can scantily now  
 Cleed a' my callants backs, and flap their mou' :  
 How maun their weyms wi' fairest hunger slack,  
 Their duds in targets flaff upo' their back,  
 Whan they are doom'd to keep a lasting Lent,  
 Starving for England's weel at *three per cent* !

### W A T S O N.

AULD REIKIE than may blefs the gowden  
 times,

Whan honesty and poortith baith are crimes :  
 She little kend, whan you and I endow'd  
 Our hospitals for back-gaun burghers gude,  
 That e'er our filler or our lands shou'd bring  
 A gude bien living to a back-gaun k—g.

Wha, thanks to ministry! is grown sae wise,  
 He dow'na chew the bitter cud of vice;  
 For gin, frae Castlehill to Netherbow,  
 Wad honest houses bawdy-houses grow,  
 The crown wad never spier the price o' sin,  
 Nor hinder younkers to the de'il to rin;  
 But gif some mortal grien for pious fame,  
 And leave the poor man's pray'r to sain his name,  
 His geer maun a' be scatter'd by the claws  
 O' ruthless, ravenous, and harpy laws.  
 Yet, shou'd I think, altho' the bill tak place,  
 The council winna lack sae meikle grace  
 As lat our heritage at wanworth gang,  
 Or the succeeding generations wrang  
 O' braw bien maintenance and wealth o' lear,  
 Whilk else had drappit to their children's skair:  
 For mony a deep, and mony a rare engyne  
 Hae sprung frae Herriot's wark, and sprung frae  
 mine.

## HERRIOT.

I find, my friend, that ye but little ken,  
 'There's ei'now on the earth a set o' men,  
 Wha', if they get their private pouches lin'd,  
 Gie na a winnelfrae for a' mankind;  
 They'll sell their country, flae their conscience bare,  
 To gar the weigh-bauk turn a single hair.

The

The government need only bait the line  
 Wi' the prevailing flee, the gowden coin;  
 Then our executors, and wise trustees,  
 Will sell them fishes in forbidden seas,  
 Upo' their dwining country girn in sport,  
 Laugh in their sleeve, and get a place at court.

### W A T S O N.

'Ere that day come, I'll 'mang our spirits pick  
 Some ghaist that trokes and conjures wi' *Auld Nick*,  
 To gar the wind wi' rougher rumbles blaw,  
 And weightier thuds than ever mortal saw :  
 Fire-flaught and hail, wi' tensald fury's fires,  
 Shall lay yerd-laigh Edina's airy spires :  
 Tweed shall rin rowtin' down his banks out o'er,  
 Till Scotland's out o' reach o' England's pow'r ;  
 Upo' the briny Borean jaws to float,  
 And mourn in dowy faughs her dowy lot.

### H E R R I O T.

Yonder's the tomb of wise *Mackenzie* fam'd,  
 Whase laws rebellious bigotry reclaim'd,  
 Freed the hail land of covenanting fools,  
 Wha erst hae fash'd us wi' unnumber'd dools;  
 Till night we'll take the swaird aboon our pows,  
 And than, whan she her ebon chariot rows,



We'll travel to the vault wi' stealing flap,  
 And wauk *Mackenzie* frae his quiet nap;  
 Tell him our ails, that he, wi' wonted skill,  
 May fleg the schemers o' the *mortmain-bill*.

EPISTLE to Mr ROBERT FERGUSON.

IS Allan risen frae the deid,  
 Wha aft has tun'd the aiten reed,  
 And by the Muses was decreed  
                                     To grace the thistle?  
 Na; Ferguson's come in his stead  
                                     To blaw the whistle.

In troth, my callant, I'm fae fain  
 To read your sonfy, canty strain,  
 You write sic easy stile and plain,  
                                     And words fae bonny,  
 Nae South'ron lown dare you disdain,  
                                     Or cry, *Fy on ye!*

Whae'er has at *Auld Reikie* been,  
 And king's birth-days exploits has seen,  
 Maun own that ye hae gi'en a keen  
                                     And true description;  
 Nor say ye've at Parnassus been  
                                     To form a fiction.

Hale

Hale be your heart, ye canty chield !  
 May ye ne'er want a gude warm beild,  
 And sic gude cakes as Scotland yields,  
     And ilka dainty  
 That grows or feeds upo' her fields,  
     And Whisky plenty.

But ye, perhaps, thirst mair for fame  
 Than a' the gude things I can name,  
 And then ye will be fair to blame  
     My gude intention :  
 For that ye needna gae frae hame,  
     You've sic pretension.

Sae fast and sweet your verses jingle,  
 And your auld words fae meetly mingle,  
 'Twill gar baith married fouk and single  
     To roose your lays ;  
 Whan we forgether round the ingle,  
     We'll chant your praise.

Whan I again *Auld Reikie* see,  
 And can forgether, lad, with thee,  
 Then we wi' muckle mirth and glee  
     Shall tak a gill,  
 And o' your caller *oysters* we  
     Shall eat our fill.

If sic a thing shou'd you betide,  
 To Berwick town to tak a ride,  
 Ife tak ye up Tweed's bonnie side  
     Before ye settle,  
 And shew you there the fisher's pride,  
     A Sa'mon-kettle.

There lads an' lasses do conven  
 To feast an' dance upo' the green,  
 An' there sic brav'ry may be seen  
     As will confound ye,  
 An' gar ye glowr out baith your een  
     At a' around ye.

To see fae mony bosoms bare,  
 An' sic huge puddins i' their hair,  
 An' some of them wi' naithing mair  
     Upo' their tete ;  
 Yea, some wi' mutches that might-scar  
     Craws frae their meat,

I ne'er appear'd before in print,  
 But for your sake wou'd fain be in't,  
 E'en that I might my wishes hint  
     That you'd write mair ;  
 For sure your head-piece is a mint  
     Whare wit's nae rare.

Sonse fa' me, gif I hadna 'hure  
 I cou'd command ilk muse as sure,  
 Than hae a chariot, at the door.

To wait upo' me ;  
 Tho', poet-like, I'm but a poor

Mid-Louthian Johnnie.

Berwick, Aug. 31. 1773.

J. S.

ANSWER to Mr J. S.'s EPISTLE.

I TROW, my mettl'd Louthian lathie,  
*Auld farran birky* I maun ca' thee,

For whan in gude black print I saw thee

Wi' souple gab,

I skirl'd fou loud, " Oh wae befa' thee !

" But thou'rt a daub."

Awa', ye wylie fleetchin fallow !

The rose shall grow like gowan yallow,

Before I turn fae toom and shallow,

And void of fusion,

As a' your butter'd words to swallow

In vain delusion.

Ye, make my Muse a dautit pet ;

But gin she cou'd like *Allan's* met,



Or *couthie cracks* and *hameely* get

Upo' her *caritch*,

Eithly wad I be in your debt

A pint o' paritch.

At times whan she may lowse her pack,

I'll grant that she can find a knack,

To gar auld-wairld wordies clack

In hamespun rhyme,

While ilk ane at his *billie's* back

Keeps gude *Scots* time.

But she maun e'en be glad to jook,

And play *teet-bo* frae nook to nook,

Or blush as gin she had the yook

Upo' her skin,

Whan *Ramsay* or whan *Pennicuik*

Their liltis begin

At morning ear', or late at e'en,

Gin ye sud hap to come and see ane,

Nor niggard *wife*, nor greetin wee ane,

Within my cloyster,

Can challenge you and me frae preein'

A caller oyfter.

Heh lad! it wou'd be news indeed,

Ware I to ride to bonny *Tweed*,

Wha

Wha ne'er laid *gamon* o'er a *reed*  
                                     *Beyont Lusterrick;*  
 And auld shanks nag wou'd tire, I dread,  
                                     To pace to *Berwick*.

You crack weel o' your lasses there,  
 Their glancin een and bisket bare;  
 But thof this town be *smeehit* fair,  
                                     I'll wad a *farden*,  
 Than ours there's nane mair fat and fair,  
                                     Cravin your pardon.

Gin *heaven* shou'd gie the *earth* a drink,  
 And afterhend a funny blink,  
 Gin ye ware here, I'm sure you'd think  
                                     It worth your notice,  
 To see them *dubbs* and gutters jink  
                                     Wi' kiltit coaties.

And frae ilk corner o' the nation,  
 We've lasses eke of recreation,  
 That at close-mou's tak up their station  
                                     By ten o'clock.  
 The Lord deliver frae temptation  
                                     A' honest fock!

Thir queans are ay upo' the catch  
 For *purfie*, *pocket-book*, or *watch*,

And

And can see fae glibb their *leefins* hatch,  
 That you'll agree  
 Ye canna eithly meet their match  
 'Tween you and me.

For this gude sample o' your skill,  
 I'm restin you a pint o' yale,  
 By and attour a Highland gill

Of *Aquavite* ;  
 The which to come and sock at will,  
 I here invite ye.

Tho' jillet Fortune scoul and quarrel,  
 And keep me frae a bien beef barrel,  
 As lang's I've twopence i' the warl'

I'll ay be vockie  
 To part a *fadge* or *girdle farl*  
 Wi' Louthian Jockie.

Fareweel, my cock ! Lang may you thrive,  
 Weel happit in a cozy hive ;  
 And that your faul may never dive

To *Acheron*,  
 I'll wish as lang's I can subscribe  
 ROB. FERGUSSON.

To my AULD BREEKS.

NOW gae your wa's—Tho' anes as gude  
As ever happit *flesh* and *blude*,

Yet part we maun—The case sae hard is,

Amang the Writers and the Bardies,

That lang they'll brook the *auld* I trow,

Or neibours cry, "Weel brook the *new*,"

Still making tight wi' tither steek,

The tither hole, the tither eik,

To bang the birr o' winter's anger,

And had the hurdies out o' langer.

Sicklike some weary wight will fill

His kyte wi' *drogs* frae doctor's *bill*,

Thinking to tack the tither year

To life, and look baith hail an' fier,

Till at the lang-run death dirks in,

To birze his faul ayont his skin.

You needna wag your *duds* o' clouts,

Nor fa' into your dorty pouts,

To think that erst you've hain'd my *tail*

Frae *wind* and *weet*, frae *snaw* and *hail*,

And for reward, whan bald and hummil,

Frae garret high to dree a tumble.

For you I car'd, as lang's ye dow'd

Be lin'd wi' *filler* or wi' *gowd* :

Now



Now to befriend, it wad be folly,  
 Your raggit hide and pouches holey ;  
 For wha but kens a poet's placks  
 Get mony weary flaws an' cracks,  
 And canna thole to hae them tint,  
 As he sae seenil fees the mint ?  
 Yet round the warld keek and see,  
 That ithers fare as ill as thee ;  
 For weel we loe the chiel we think  
 Can get us tick, or gie us drink,  
 Till o' his purse we've seen the bottom,  
 Then we despise, and hae forgot him.

Yet gratefu' hearts, to make amends,  
 Will ay be sorry for their friends,  
 And I for thee—As mony a time  
 Wi' you I've speel'd the braes o' rhyme,  
 Where for the time the Muse ne'er cares  
 For filler, or sic guilefu' wares,  
 Wi' whilk we drumly grow, and 'crabbit,  
 Dowr, capernoited, thravin gabbit,  
 And brither, sister, friend and fae,  
 Without remeid of kindred, flae.

You've seen me round the bickers reel  
 Wi' heart as hale as temper'd steel,  
 And face sae apen, free and blyth,  
 Nor thought that sorrow there cou'd kyth ;

But

But the nieft mament this was loft,  
Like gowan in December's froft.

Cou'd *Prick-the-loufe* but be fae handy  
As mak the breeks and claife to ftand ay,  
Thro' thick and thin wi' you I'd dafh on,  
Nor mind the folly of the fafhion :  
But, hegh ! the times' *viciffitudo*,  
Gars ither breeks decay as you do.

Thae MACARONIES, braw and windy,  
Maun fail—*Sic tranfit gloria mundi* !

Now speed you to fome madam's chaumer,  
That butt an' ben rings dule an' claumer,  
Ask her, in kindnefs, if fhe seeks  
In hidling ways to wear the breeks ?  
Safe you may dwell, tho' mould and motty,  
Beneath the veil o' under coatie,  
For this mair faults nor yours can fcreen  
Frae lover's quickeft fense, his ein.

Or if fome bard, in lucky times,  
Shou'd profit meikle by his rhimes,  
And pace awa', wi' fmirky face,  
In filler or in gowden lace,  
Glowr in his face, like fpectre gaunt,  
Remind him o' his former want,  
To cow his daffin and his pleafure,  
And gar him live within the meafure.

So PHILIP, it is said, who wou'd ring  
 O'er *Macedon* a just and gude king,  
 Fearing that power might plume his feather,  
 And bid him stretch beyond the tether,  
 Ilk morning to his lug wad ca'  
 A tiny servant o' his ha'  
 To tell him to improve his span,  
 For PHILIP was, like him, a MAN.

### AULD REIKIE.

AULD REIKIE, wale o' ilka town-  
 That *Scotland* kens beneath the moon;  
 Whare couthy chiels at e'ening meet  
 Their bizzing *craigs* and *mous* to weet;  
 And blythly gar auld care gae bye  
 Wi' blinkit and wi' bleering eye:  
 O'er lang frae thee the Muse has been  
 Sae frisky on the *Simmer's* green,  
 Whan flowers and gowans wont to glent  
 In bonny blinks upo' the bent;  
 But now the *leaves* of yellow dye,  
 Peel'd frae the *branches*, quickly fly;  
 And now frae nouthier bush nor brier  
 The spreckl'd *mavis* greets your ear;  
 Nor bonny blackbird *skims* and *roves*  
 To seek his love in yonder groves.

Then

Then *Reikie*, welcome! Thou canst charm  
 Unfleggit by the year's alarm;  
 Not Boreas, that fae snelly blows,  
 Dare here pap in his angry nose:  
 Thanks to our *dads*, whase biggin stands  
 A shelter to surrounding lands.

Now morn, with bonny purpie-smiles,  
 Kisses the air-cock o' St Giles;  
 Rakin their ein, the servant lasses  
 Early begin their lies and clashes;  
 Ilk tells her friend of saddest distress,  
 That still she brooks frae scouling mistress;  
 And wi' her joe in turnpike stair  
 She'd rather snuff the stinking air,  
 As be subjected to her tongue,  
 When justly censur'd in the wrong.

On stair wi' *tub*, or *pat* in hand,  
 The barefoot *houfemaids* loe to stand,  
 That antrin fock may ken how *snell*  
 Auld Reikie will at *morning smell*:  
 Then, with an *inundation big* as  
 The *burn* that 'neath the *Nor' Loch brig* is,  
 They kindly shower EDINA's roses,  
 To *quicken* and *regale* our *noses*.  
 Now some for this, wi' satire's leesh,  
 Ha'e gi'en auld Edinburgh a creesh:



But without souring nocht is sweet ;  
 The morning smells that hail our street,  
 Prepare, and gently lead the way  
 To simmer canty, braw and gay :  
 Edina's sons mair eithly share  
 Her spices and her dainties rare,  
 Then he that's never yet been call'd  
 Aff frae his pladie or his fauld.

Now stair-head critics, senseless fools,  
*Censure* their *aim*, and *pride* their rules,  
 In Luckenbooths, wi' glouring eye,  
 Their neighbours sma'est faults descry :  
 If ony loun should dander there,  
 Of aukward gate, and foreign air,  
 They trace his steps, till they can tell  
 His *pedigree* as weel's himsell.

Whan Phœbus blinks wi' warmer ray,  
 And schools at noon-day get the play,  
 Then bus'ness, weighty bus'ness, comes ;  
 The trader glours ; he doubts, he hums :  
 The lawyers eke to cros repair,  
 Their wigs to shaw, and tofs an air ;  
 While busy agent closely plies,  
 And a' his kittle cases tries.

Now night, that's cunzied chief for fun,  
 Is wi' her usual rites begun ;

Thro'

Thro' ilka gate the torches blaze;  
 And globes send out their blinking rays.  
 The usefu' cadie plies in street,  
 To bide the profits o' his feet;  
 For by thir lads Auld Reikie's fock  
 Ken but a *sample* o' the stock  
 O' thieves, that nightly wad oppress,  
 And make baith goods and gear the less.  
 Near him the lazy chairman stands,  
 And wats na how to turn his hands,  
 Till some daft birky, ranting fu',  
 Has matters somewhere else to do;  
 The chairman willing gi'es his light  
 To deeds o' darkness and o' night:

It's never sax-pence for a lift  
 That gars thir lads wi' fu'ness rift;  
 For they wi' better gear are paid,  
 And *whores* and *culls* support their trade.

Near some lamp-post, wi' dowy face,  
 Wi' heavy ein, and sour grimace,  
 Stands she that beauty lang had kend,  
 Whoredom her trade, and vice her end.  
 But see whare now she wuns her bread  
 By that which nature ne'er decreed;  
 And sings sad music to the lugs,  
 'Mang bourachs o' damn'd whores and rogues.

Whane'er we reputation lose,  
 Fair chastity's transparent gloss !  
 Redemption seenil kens the name,  
 But a's black misery and shame.

Frae joyous tavern, reeling drunk,  
 Wi' fiery phizz, and ein half sunk,  
 Behad the bruiser, fae to a'  
 That in the reek o' gardies fa' :  
 Close by his side, a feckless race  
 O' macaronies shew their face,  
 And think they're free frae skaith or harm,  
 While pith befriends their leader's arm :  
 Yet fearfu' aften o' their maught,  
 They quat the glory o' the faught  
 To this same warrior wha led  
 Thae heroes to bright honour's bed ;  
 And aft the hack o' honour shines  
 In bruiser's face wi' broken lines :  
 Of them sad tales he tells anon,  
 Whan ramble and whan fighting's done ;  
 And, like Hectorian, ne'er impairs  
 The brag and glory o' his sairs.

Whan feet in dirty gutters plash,  
 And sock to wale their fittaps fash ;  
 At night the macaroni drunk,  
 In pools or gutters astitmes sunk :

Heh !

Hegh! what a fright he now appears,  
 Whan he his corpse dejected rears!  
 Look at that head, and think if there  
 The pomet flaster'd up his hair!  
 The cheeks observe, where now cou'd shine  
 The scancing glories o' carmine?  
 Ah, legs! in vain the silk-worm there  
 Display'd to view her eidant care;  
 For stink, instead of perfumes, grow,  
 And clarty odours fragrant flow.

Now some to porter, some to punch,  
 Some to their wife, and some their wench,  
 Retire, while noisy ten-hours' drum  
 Gars a' your trades gae dandring home.  
 Now mony a club, jocose and free,  
 Gie a' to merriment and glee:  
 Wi' sang and gla'ss, they fley the pow'r  
 O' care that wad harra'ss the hour:  
 For wine and Bacchus still bear down  
 Our thrawart fortune's wildest frown:  
 It maks you stark, and bauld, and brave,  
 Ev'n whan descending to the grave.

Now some, in *Pandemonium's* shade,  
 Resume the gormandizing trade;  
 Whare eager looks, and glancing ein,  
 Forespeak a heart and *stamack* keen.



Gang on, my lads ; it's lang sin syne  
 We kent auld *Epicurus*' line ;  
 Save you, the *board* wad cease to rise,  
 Bedight wi' *daintiths* to the skies ;  
 And salamanders cease to swill  
 The *comforts* o' a *burning* gill.

But chief, O *Cape* ! we crave thy aid,  
 To get our cares and poortith laid :  
 Sincerity, and genius true,  
 Of knights have ever been the due :  
 Mirth, music, porter deepest dy'd,  
 Are never here to worth deny'd ;  
 And health, o' happiness the queen,  
 Blinks bonny, wi' her smile serene.

Tho' joy maist part Auld Reikie owns,  
 Eftsoons she kens sad sorrow's frowns ;  
 What groupe is yon sae dismal, grim,  
 Wi' horrid aspect, cleeding dim ?  
 Says Death, they're mine, a dowy crew,  
 To me they'll quickly pay their last adieu.

How come mankind, whan lacking woe,  
 In *Saulie's* face their hearts to show,  
 As if they were a clock to tell  
 That grief in them had rung her bell ?  
 Then, what is man ? why a' this phraze ?  
 Life's spunk decay'd nae mair can blaze.

Let

Let sober grief alone declare  
 Our fond anxiety and care :  
 Nor let the undertakers be  
 The only waefu' friends we see.

Come on, my Muse, and then rehearse  
 The gloomiest theme in a' your verse :  
 In morning, whan ane keeks about,  
 Fu' blyth and free frae ail, nae doubt  
 He lippens not to be misled  
 Amang the regions of the dead :  
 But straight a painted corp he sees,  
 Lang streekit 'neath its canopies.  
 Soon, soon will this his mirth controul,  
 And send d——n to his soul :  
 Or whan the dead-deal, (awful shape !)  
 Makes frightened mankind girn and gape,  
 Reflection then his reason sours,  
 For the niest dead-deal may be ours.  
 Whan Sybil led the Trojan down  
 To haggard *Pluto's* dreary town,  
 Shapes war nor thae, I freely ween  
 Cou'd never meet the soldier's ein.

If kail fae green, or herbs, delight,  
 Edina's street attracts the sight ;  
 Not Covent-garden, clad fae braw,  
 Mair fouth o' herbs can eithly shaw :

For

For mony a yeard is here fair fought,  
 That kail and cabbage may be bought;  
 And healthfu' sallad to regale,  
 Whan pamper'd wi' a heavy meal.  
 Glour up the street in simmer morn,  
 The birks sae green, and sweet brier-thorn,  
 Wi' spraingit flow'rs that scent the gale,  
 Ca' far awa the morning smell,  
 Wi' which our ladies flow'r-pat's fill'd,  
 And every noxious vapour kill'd.  
 O nature! canty, blyth and free,  
 Whare is there keeking-glass like thee?  
 Is there on earth that can compare  
 Wi' Mary's shape, and Mary's air,  
 Save the empurpl'd speck, that grows  
 In the fast faulds of yonder rose?  
 How bonny seems the virgin breast,  
 Whan by the lillies here carest,  
 And leaves the mind in doubt to tell  
 Which maist in sweets and hue excel?

*Gillespie's* snuff should prime the nose  
 Of her that to the market goes,  
 If they wad like to shun the smells  
 That buoy up frae market cells;  
 Whare wames o' painches' fav'ry scent  
 To nostrils gie great discontent.

Now

Now wha in *Albion* could expect  
 O' cleanliness sic great neglect?  
 Nae Hottentot that daily lairs  
 'Mang tripe, or ither clarty wares,  
 Hath ever yet conceiv'd, or seen  
 Beyond the line, sic sceues unclean,

On Sunday here, an alter'd scene  
 O' men and manners meets our ein :  
 Ane wad maist trow some people chose  
 To change their faces wi' their clo'es,  
 And fain wad gar ilk neighbour think  
 They thirst for goodness, as for drink :  
 But there's an unco dearth o' grace,  
 That has nae mansion but the face,  
 And never can obtain a part  
 In benmost corner of the heart.  
 Why should religion make us sad,  
 If good frae Virtue's to be had ?  
 Na, rather gleefu' turn your face ;  
 Forfake hypocrisy, grimace ;  
 And never have it understood  
 You fleg mankind frae being good.

In afternoon, a' brawlie buskit,  
 The joes and lasses loe to frisk it :  
 Some tak a great delight to place  
 The modest *bon-grace* o'er the face ;



Tho' you may see, if so inclin'd,  
 The turning o' the leg behind.  
 Now Comely-garden, and the Park,  
 Refresh them, after forenoon's wark;  
 Newhaven, Leith, or Canon-mills,  
 Supply them in their Sunday's gills;  
 Whare writers aften spend their pence,  
 To stock their heads wi' drink and sense.

While dandring cits delight to stray  
 To Castlehill, or public way,  
 Whare they nae other purpose mean,  
 Than that fool cause o' being seen;  
 Let me to *Arthur's Seat* pursue,  
 Whare bonny pastures meet the view;  
 And mony a wild-lorn scene accrues,  
 Befitting *Willie Shakespeare's* muse:  
 If fancy there would join the thrang,  
 The defart rocks and hills amang,  
 To echoes we should lilt and play,  
 And gie to *Mirth* the lee-lang day.

Or shou'd some canker'd biting show'r  
 The day and a' her sweets deflow'r,  
 To Holyrood-house let me stray,  
 And gie to musing a' the day;  
 Lamenting what auld *Scotland* knew  
 Bien days for ever frae her view:

O HAMILTON, for shame ! the muse  
 Would pay to thee her couthy vows,  
 Gin ye wad tent the humble strain,  
 And gie's our dignity again :  
 For O, waes me ! the Thistle springs  
 In *domicile* of ancient kings,  
 Without a patriot to regret  
 Our *palace* and our ancient *state*.

! Blest place ! whare *debtors* daily run,  
 To rid themselves frae jail and dun ;  
 Here, tho' sequester'd frae the din  
 That rings *Auld Reikie's* wa's within,  
 Yet they may tread the sunny braes,  
 And brook Apollo's cheery rays ;  
 Glour frae *St Antho's* grassy hight,  
 O'er vales in simmer claife bedight,  
 Nor ever hing their head, I ween,  
 Wi' jealous fear o' being seen.  
 May I, whanever *duns* come nigh,  
 And shake my garret wi' their cry,  
 Scour here wi' haste, protection get,  
 To screen mysell frae them and debt ;  
 To breathe the bliss of open sky,  
 And *Simon Frajer's* bolts, defy.

Now gin a lown should hae his claife  
 In thread-bare autumn o' their days,

St *Mary*, broker's guardian faint,  
 Will satisfy ilk ail and want;  
 For mony a hungry writer there  
 Dives down at night, wi' cleeding bare,  
 And quickly rises to the view  
 A gentleman, perfyte and new.  
 Ye rich fock, look na wi' disdain  
 Upo' this ancient brokage lane!  
 For naked poets are supply'd  
 With what you to their wants deny'd.

Peace to thy shade, thou wale o' men,  
 DRUMMOND! relief to poortith's pain:  
 To thee the greatest blifs we owe,  
 And tribute's tear shall grateful flow:  
 The sick are cur'd, the hungry fed,  
 And dreams of comfort 'tend their bed:  
 As lang as *Forth* weets *Lothian's* shore,  
 As lang's on *Fife* her billows roar,  
 Sae lang shall ilk whafe country's dear,  
 To thy remembrance gie a tear.  
 By thee *Auld Reikie* thrave and grew  
 Delightfu' to her childer's view:  
 Nae mair shall *Glasgow* striplings threep  
 Their city's beauty and its shape,  
 While our new city spreads around  
 Her bonny wings on fairy ground.

But Provosts now that ne'er afford  
 The smaest dignity to *lord*,  
 Ne'er care tho' every scheme gae wild  
 That DRUMMOND's sacred hand has cull'd :  
 The spacious *Brig* neglected lies,  
 Tho' plagu'd wi' pamphlets, dunn'd wi' cries ;  
 They heed not tho' destruction come  
 To gulp us in her gaunting womb.  
 O shame ! that safety canna claim  
 Protection from a provost's name,  
 But hidden danger lies behind  
 To torture and to fleg the mind ;  
 I may as weel bid *Arthur's Seat*  
 To *Berwick-Law* make gleg retreat,  
 As think that either will or art  
 Shall get the gate to win their heart ;  
 For POLITICS are a' their mark,  
*Bribes latent, and corruption dark* ;  
 If they can eithly turn the pence,  
 Wi' city's good they will dispense ;  
 Nor care tho' a' her sons were lair'd  
 Ten fathom i' the auld kirk-yard.

To sing yet meikle does remain,  
 Undecent for a modest strain ;  
 And since the poet's daily bread is  
 The favour of the Muse or ladies,



He downa like to gie offence  
 To delicacy's bonny sense;  
 Therefore the stews remain unsung,  
 And bawds in silence drop their tongue.

REIKIE, farewell! I ne'er cou'd part  
 Wi' thee but wi' a dowy heart;  
 Aft frae the *Fifan* coast I've seen,  
 Thee tow'ring on thy summit green;  
 So glowr the saints when first is given  
 A fav'rite keek o' glore and heaven;  
 On earth nae mair they bend their ein,  
 But quick assume angelic mein;  
 So I on *Fife* wad glowr no more,  
 But gallop'd to EDINA's shore.

# HAME CONTENT. A SATIRE.

*To all whom it may concern.*

SOME fock, like *bees*, fu' glegly rin  
 To bykes bang'd fu' o' strife and din,  
 And thieve and huddle crumb by crumb,  
 Till they have scrapt the dautit *Plumb*,  
 Then crawl fell crouslly o' their wark,  
 Tell o'er their turners *mark* by *mark*,  
 Yet darna think to lowse the pose,  
 To aid their neighbours ails and woes.

Gif gowd can fether thus the heart;  
 And gar us act sae base a part,  
 Shall *Man*, a niggard near-gawn elf,  
 Rin to the tether's end for pelf;  
 Learn ilka cunzied scoundrel's trick,  
 Whan a's done sell his faul to *Nick*:  
 I trow they've coft the purchase dear,  
 That gang sic lengths for warldly gear.

Now whan the *Dog-day* heats begin  
 To birlle and to peel the skin,  
 May I lie streekit at my ease,  
 Beneath the caller shady trees,  
 (Far frae the din o' Borrowstown,)  
 Whare water plays the haughs bedown;  
 To jouk the simmer's rigour there,  
 And breathe a while the caller air,  
 'Mang herds, an' honest cottar fock,  
 That till the farm and feed the flock;  
 Careless o' mair, wha never fash  
 To lade their *kist* wi' useless *cash*,  
 But thank the *Gods* for what they've sent,  
 O' health eneugh, and blyth content,  
 An' *pith*, that helps them to stravaig  
 Owr ilka cleugh and ilka craig;  
 Unkend to a' the weary granes  
 That aft arise frae gentler banes,

On easy-chair that pamper'd lie,  
 Wi' banefu' viands gussit high,  
 And turn and fald their weary clay,  
 To rax and gaunt the live-lang day!

Ye fages, tell! was man e'er made  
 To dree this hatefu' sluggard trade?  
 Steekit frae Nature's beauties a'  
 That daily on his presence ca';  
 At hame to girn, and whinge, and pine  
 For fav'rite dishes, fav'rite wine:  
 Come then, shake off thir sluggish ties,  
 And wi' the bird o' dawning rise!  
 On ilka bauk the clouds hae spread  
 Wi' blobs o' dew a pearly bed;  
 Frae faulds nae mair the owfen rout,  
 But to the fatt'ning clover lout,  
 Whare they may feed at heart's content,  
 Unyokit frae their winter's stent.

Unyoke then, man, an' binna swear  
 To ding a hole in ill-hain'd gear!  
 O think that *eild*, wi' wyly fit,  
 Is wearing nearer bit by bit!  
 Gin yence he claws you wi' his paw,  
 What's filler for? Fiend hae't awa';  
 But *powden* playfair, that may please  
 The second *Sharper* till he dies.

Some daft chiel reads, and taks advice;  
The chaife is yokit in a trice;  
Awa drives he like huntie deil,  
And scarce tholes *time* to cool his wheel;  
Till he's Lord kens how far awa',  
At Italy, or well o' Spa,  
Or to Montpelier's fafter air;  
For far aff fowls hae *feathers* fair.

There rest him weel; for eith can we  
Spare mony glakit gouks like he;  
They'll tell whare *Tibur's* waters rise;  
What *sea* receives the drumly prize,  
That never wi' their feet hae met  
The *marches* o' their ain estate.

The *Arno* and the *Tibur* lang  
Hae run fell clear in Roman sang;  
But, save the reverence of schools!  
They're baith but lifeless dowy pools.  
Dought they compare wi' bonny *Tweed*,  
As clear as ony lammer-bead?  
Or are their shores mair sweet and gay  
Than Fortha's haughs or banks o' *Tay*?  
Tho' there the herds can jink the show'rs  
'Mang thriving vines an' myrtle bow'rs,  
And blaw the reed to kittle strains,  
While echo's tongue commends their pains,

Like



Like ours, they canna warm the heart  
 Wi' simple, fast, bewitching art.  
 On Leader haughs an' Yarrow braes,  
 Arcadian herds wad tyne their lays,  
 To hear the mair melodious sounds  
 That live on our poetic grounds.

Come, *Fancy* ! come, and let us tread  
 The summer's flow'ry velvet bed,  
 And a' your *springs* delightfu' lowse  
 On *Tweed*'s bank or *Cowdenknows*,  
 That, ta'en wi' thy enchanting fang,  
 Our Scottish lads may round ye thrang,  
 Sae pleas'd, they'll never fash again  
 To court you on Italian plain;  
 Soon will they guess ye only wear  
 The simple garb o' *Nature* here;  
 Mair comely far an' fair to sight  
 Whan in her easy cleething dight,  
 Than in disguise ye was before  
 On *Tibur*'s, or on *Arno*'s shore.

O *Bangour* \* ! now the hills and dales  
 Nae mair gie back thy tender tales !  
 The birks on Yarrow now deplore  
 Thy mournfu' muse has left the shore :

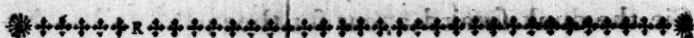
Neat

\* *Mr Hamilton of Bangour.*

Near what bright burn or chryſtal ſpring,  
 Did you your wiſome whistle hing?  
 The Muſe ſhall there, wi' w<sup>u</sup>rry eie,  
 Gie the dunk ſwaird a tear for thee;  
 And Yarrow's genius, dowy dame!  
 Shall there forget her blude-ſtain'd ſtream,  
 On thy ſad grave to ſeek reſoſe,  
 Who mourn'd her fate, conſol'd her woes.

ENGLISH

# ENGLISH POEMS.



To the MEMORY of JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

*Sing his praises that doth keep*

*Our flocks from harm,*

PAN, the father of our sheep:

*And arm in arm*

*Tread we softly in a round,*

*While the hollow neighb'ring ground*

*Fills the music with her sound.*

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

YE mournful meanders and groves,

Delight of the Muse and her song!

Ye grottos and dripping alcoves,

No strangers to Corydon's tongue!

Let each Sylvan and Dryad declare

His themes and his music how dear,

Their plaints and their dirges prepare,

Attendant on Corydon's hier.

The

The echo that join'd in the lay,  
 So amorous, sprightly, and free,  
 Shall send forth the sounds of dismay,  
 And sigh with sad pity for thee.

Wild wander his flocks with the breeze;  
 His reed can no longer controul;  
 His numbers no longer can please,  
 Or send kind relief to the soul.

But long may they wander and bleat,  
 To hills tell the tale of their woe;  
 The woodlands the tale shall repeat,  
 And the waters shall mournfully flow.

For these were the haunts of his love,  
 The sacred retreats of his ease,  
 Where favourite fancy would rove,  
 As wanton, as light as the breeze.

Her zone will discolour'd appear,  
 With fanciful ringlets unbound,  
 A face pale and languid she'll wear,  
 A heart fraught with sorrow profound.

The reed of each shepherd will mourn;  
 The shades of Parnassus decay:  
 The Muses will dry their sad urn,  
 Since 'rest of young Corydon's lay.



To him every passion was known  
 That throb'd in the breast with desire;  
 Each gentle affection was shown  
 In the soft sighing songs of his lyre.

Like the carolling thrush on the spray  
 In music soft warbling and wild,  
 To love was devoted each lay,  
 In accents pathetic and mild.

Let beauty and virtue revere,  
 And the songs of the shepherd approve,  
 Who felt, who lamented the snare,  
 When repining at pitiless love.

The summer but languidly gleams,  
 Pomona no comfort can bring,  
 Nor vallies, nor grottos, nor streams,  
 Nor the May-born *flow'rets* of Spring.

They have fled all with Corydon's Muse,  
 For his brows to form chaplets of woe,  
 Whose reed oft awaken'd their boughs,  
 As the whispering breezes that blow.

To many a fanciful spring  
 His lyre was melodiously strung;  
 While *fairies* and *fawns* in a ring  
 Have applauded the swain as he sung.

To the chearful he usher'd his smiles,  
 To the woeful his sigh and his tear;  
 A condoler with want and her toils,  
 When the voice of oppression was near.

Tho' *titles* and *wealth* were his due,  
 Tho' fortune denied the reward;  
 Yet truth and sincerity knew  
 What the goddess would never regard.

Avails ought the generous heart,  
 Which nature to goodness design'd,  
 If fortune denies to impart

Her kindly relief to the mind?

'Twas but faint the relief to *dismay*,  
 The cells of the wretched among;

Tho' sympathy sung in the lay,  
 Tho' melody fell from his tongue.

Let the favour'd of fortune attend  
 To the ails of the wretched and poor:

Tho' Corydon's lays could befriend,  
 'Tis riches alone that can cure.

But they to compassion are dumb,  
 To pity their voices unknown;

Near sorrow they never can come,  
 'Till *misfortune* has mark'd them her own.

Now the shades of the evening depend;  
 Each warbler is lull'd on the spray;  
 The cypress doth ruefully bend  
 Where the corps of cold Corydon stay.

Adieu then the songs of the swain,  
 Let peace still attend on his shade;  
 And his pipe that is dumb to his strain,  
 In the grave be with CORYDON laid.

*The* DELIGHTS of VIRTUE.

**R**ETURNING morn, in orient blush array'd,  
 With gentle radiance hail'd the sky serene;  
 No rustling breezes wav'd the verdant shade,  
 Nor swelling surge disturb'd the azure main.  
 These moments, Meditation, sure are thine;  
 These are the halcyon joys you wish to find,  
 When nature's peaceful elements combine  
 To suit the calm composure of the mind.  
 The Muse, exalted by thy sacred power,  
 To the green mountain's air-born summit flew,  
 Charm'd with the thoughtful stillness of an hour,  
 That usher'd beaming fancy to her view.

Fresh

Fresh from old Neptune's fluid mansion sprung

The sun, reviver of each drooping flower ;

At his approach the lark, with *matin* song,

In notes of gratitude confess'd his power.

So shines fair VIRTUE, shedding light divine

On those who wish'd to profit by her ways ;

Who ne'er at parting with their vice repine,

To taste the comforts of her blissful rays.

She with fresh hopes each sorrow can beguile,

Can dissipate Adversity's stern gloom,

Make meagre Poverty contented smile,

And the sad wretch forget his hapless doom.

Sweeter than shady groves in summer's pride,

Than flowery dales or grassy meads is she ;

Delightful as the honey'd streams that glide

From the rich labours of the busy bee.

Her paths and alleys are for ever green ;

There Innocence, in snowy robes array'd,

With smiles of pure content is hail'd the queen

And happy mistress of the sacred shade.

O let no transient gleam of earthly joy

From Virtue lure your lab'ring steps aside ;

Nor instant grandeur future hopes annoy

With thoughts that spring from insolence and  
pride.



Soon will the winged moments speed away,  
 When you'll no more the plumes of honour  
 wear:

Grandeur must shudder at the sad decay,  
 And Pride look humble when he ponders there.

Depriv'd of Virtue, where is Beauty's power?

Her dimpled smiles, her roses charm no more;  
 So much can guilt the loveliest form deflower:

We loath that beauty which we lov'd before.

How fair are Virtue's buds where-e'er they blow,

Or in the desert wild or garden gay!

Her flow'rs how sacred wherefoe'er they show,

Unknown to the canker of decay!

#### A. TAVERN ELEGY.

**F**LED are the moments of delusive mirth,  
 The fancy'd pleasure! paradise divine!

Hush'd are the clamours that derive their birth  
 From generous floods of soul-reviving wine.

Still night and silence now succeed their noise;

The erring tides of passion rage no more;

But all is peaceful as the ocean's voice

When breezeless waters kiss the silent shore.

Here

Here stood the *juice*, whose care-controlling  
pow'rs

Could ev'ry human misery subdue,  
And wake to sportive joy the lazy hours,  
That to the languid senses hateful grew.

Attracted by the magic of the bowl,  
Around the swelling brim in full array  
The glasses circl'd, as the planets roll,  
And hail with borrow'd light the god of day.

Here music, the delight of moments gay!  
Bade the unguarded tongues their motions cease,  
And with a mirthful, a melodious lay,  
Aw'd the fell voice of discord into peace.

These are the joys that virtue must approve,  
While reason shines with majesty divine,  
'Ere our ideas in disorder move,  
And sad excess against the soul combine.

What evils have not frenzy'd mortals done  
By wine, that *ignis fatuus* of the mind!  
How many by its force to vice are won,  
Since first ordain'd to tantalize mankind!

By Bacchus' power, ye sons of riot! say,  
How many watchful centinels have bled!  
How many travellers have lost their way,  
By lamps unguided thro' the ev'ning shade!

O spare those friendly twinklers of the night !

Let no rude cane their hallow'd orbs assail !

For cowardice alone condemns the light,

That shews her countenance aghast and pale.

Now the short taper warns me to depart

'Ere darkness shall assume his dreary sway ;

'Ere solitude fall heavy on my heart,

That lingers for the far approach of day.

Who would not vindicate the happy doom

To be for ever number'd with the dead,

Rather than bear the miserable gloom,

When all his comfort, all his friends are fled ?

Bear me, ye gods ! where I may calmly rest

From all the follies of the night secure,

The balmy blessings of repose to taste,

Nor hear the tongue of outrage at my door.

## GOOD EATING.

**H**EAR, O ye host of Epicurus ! hear !

Each portly form, whose overhanging paunch

Can well denote the all-transcendent joy

That springs unbounded from fruition full

Of rich repast ; to you I consecrate

The song advent'rous ; happy if the Muse

Can

Can cook the numbers to your palates keen,  
Or send but half the relish with her song,  
That smoaking *sirloins* to your souls convey.

Hence now, ye starv'lings wan! whose empty  
wombs

Oft echo to the hollow murmuring tones  
Of hunger fell.—Avaunt ye base-born hinds!  
Whose fates unkind ne'er destin'd you to gorge  
The banquet rare, or wage a pleasing war  
With the delicious morsels of the earth.  
To you I sing not: for, alas! what pain,  
What tantalizing tortures would ensue,  
To aid the force of *Famine's* sharpest tooth,  
Were I to breathe my accents in your ear!

Hail, **ROAST BEEF!** monarch of the festive  
throng,

To hunger's bane the strongest antidote;  
Come, and with all thy rage-appeasing sweets  
Our appetites allay! For, or attended  
By root *Hibernian*, or *plumb-pudding* rare,  
Still thou art welcome to the social board.  
Say, can the spicy gales from *Orient* blown,  
Or zephyr's wing, that from the *orange* groves  
Brushes the breeze, with rich perfumes replete,  
More aromatic or reviving smell  
To nostrils bring? Or can the glassy streams  
Of



Of *Pactolus*, that o'er its golden sands  
 Delightful glide, thy luscious drops outvie,  
 That from thy sides imbrown'd unnumber'd fall!  
 Behold, at thy approach, what smiles serene  
 Beam from the raviſh'd gueſts!—Still are their  
 tongues,

While they with whetted instruments prepare  
 For deep incision.—Now the *abscess* bleeds,  
 And the devouring band, with stomachs keen,  
 And glutting rage, thy beauteous form destroy,  
 Leave you a marrowless skeleton and bare,  
 A prey to dunghills, or vexatious sport  
 Of torrent rushing from *defilement's* urns,  
 That o'er the city's flinty pavement hurls.

So fares it with the man, whose powerful self  
 Once could command respect. Careſs'd by all,  
 His bounties were as lavish as the hand  
 Of yellow *Ceres*, till his stores decay'd,  
 And then (O dismal tale!) those precious drops  
 Of flattery that bedew'd his spring of fortune,  
 Leave the sad winter of his state so fall'n,  
 Nor nurse the thorn from which they ne'er can  
 hope  
 Again to pluck the odour-dropping rose!

For thee, *Roast Beef* in variegated shapes,  
 Have mortals toil'd.—The *sailor* sternly braves

The

The strength of *Boreas*, and exulting stands  
 Upon the sea-wash'd deck—with hopes inspir'd  
 Of yet indulging in thy wil'd for sweets,  
 He smiles amidst the dangers that surround him;  
 Cheerful he steers to cold forbidden climes,  
 Or to the torrid zone explores his way.

Be kind, ye *Powers*! and still propitious send  
 This paragon of feeding to our halls;  
 With this regal'd, who would vain-glorious wish  
 For tow'ring pyramids superbly crown'd,  
 With *jellies*, *syllabubs*, or *ice-creams* rare?  
 These can amuse the eye, and may bestow  
 A short-liv'd pleasure to a palate strange;  
 But, for a moment's pleasure, who would vend  
 A life-time that would else be spent in joy,  
 For hateful *loathings* and for *gouty* *shams*,  
 Ever preceded by indulg'd excess?

Blest be those walls where *HOSPITALITY*  
 And welcome reign at large! There may you oft  
 Of social cheer partake, and love, and joy,  
 Pleasures that to the human mind convey  
 Ideal pictures of the bliss supreme:  
 But near the gate where *Parimony* dwells,  
 Where *Ceremony* cool, and brow austere,  
 Confront the guests, ne'er let thy foot approach!  
 For, void of kind *Benevolence*, heavenly virtue!

What

What is life's garden but a devious wild,  
 Thro' which the traveller must pass forlorn,  
 Unguided by the aid of friendship's ray?  
 Rather, if poverty hold converse with thee,  
 To the lone garret's lofty bield ascend,  
 Or dive to some sad cell; there have recourse  
 To meagre *offals*, where, tho' small thy fare,  
 Freedom shall wing thee to a purer joy  
 Than banquets with superfluous dainties crown'd,  
 Mix'd with reserve and coolness, can afford.

But, if your better fortunes have prepar'd  
 Your purse with *ducats*, and with health thy  
 frame,  
 Assemble, friends! and to the tavern straight,  
 Where the officious *drawer*, bending low,  
 Is passive to a fault. Then, nor the *Signior Grand*,  
 Or Russia's empress, signaliz'd for war,  
 Can govern with more arbitrary sway.

Ye who for health, for exercise, for air,  
 Oft saunter from *Edin's* smoke-capt spires,  
 And, by the grassy hill or dimpl'd brook;  
 An appetite revive, should oft-times stray  
 O'er *Arthur's-seat's* green pastures, to the town-  
 For *sheep-heads* and bone-bridges fam'd of yore,  
 That in our country's annals stands yclept  
 Fair *Duddingstonia*, where you may be blest

With

With simple fare and vegetable sweets,  
Freed from the clamours of the busy world.

Or, if for recreation you should stray  
To *Leithian* shore, and breathe the keener air  
Wasted from Neptune's empire of the main;  
If appetite invite, and cash prevail,  
Ply not your joints upon the homeward track,  
Till LAWSON, chiefest of the Scottish hosts!  
To nimble-footed waiters give command  
The cloth to lay,—Instinctively they come,  
And lo! the table, wrapt in cloudy steams,  
Groans with the weight of the transporting fare  
That breathes frankincense on the guests around.

Now, while stern Winter holds his frigid sway,  
And to a period spins the closing year;  
While festivals abound, and sportive hours  
Kill the remembrance of our weaning time,  
Let not intemperance, destructive fiend!  
Gain entrance to your halls.—Despoil'd by him,  
Shall cloyed appetite, forerunner sad  
Of rank disease, inveterate clasp your frame.  
Contentment shall no more be known to spread  
Her cherub wings round thy once happy dwelling,  
But misery of thought, and racking pain,  
Shall plunge you headlong to the dark abyss.

T E A



## T E A. A P O E M.

**Y**E maidens modest! on whose fullen brows  
 Hath weeping chastity her wrinkles cull'd,  
 Who constant labour o'er consumptive oil,  
 At midnight knell, to wash sleep's nightly balm  
 From closing eye-lids, with the grateful drops  
 Of TEA's blest juices; list th' obsequious lays  
 That come not with Parnassian honours crown'd  
 To dwell in murmurs o'er your sleepy sense,  
 But fresh from *Orient* blown to chace far off  
 Your *Lethargy*, that dormant *Needles* rous'd  
 May pierce the waving *Mantua's* silken folds:  
 For many a dame, in chamber sadly pent,  
 Hath this reviving limpid call'd to life;  
 And well it did, to mitigate the frowns  
 Of anger reddening on *Lucinda's* brow  
 With flash malignant, that had harbour'd there,  
 If she at masquerade, or play, or ball,  
 Appear'd not in her newest, best attire.  
 But *Venus*, goddess of th' eternal smile,  
 Knowing that stormy brows but ill become  
 Fair patterns of her beauty, hath ordain'd  
 Celestial *Tea*—A fountain that can cure  
 The ills of passion, and can free the *Fair*  
 From frowns and sighs, by disappointment earn'd.

To

To her, ye fair, in adoration bow!  
 Whether at blushing morn, or dewy eve;  
 Her smocking cordials greet your fragrant board,  
 With Sushong, Congo, or coarse Bohea crown'd.  
 At midnight skies, ye *Mantua-makers*, hail  
 The sacred offering!—For the haughty *Belles*  
 No longer can upbraid your lingering hands  
 With trains upborn aloft by dusty gales  
 That sweep the ball-room—swift they glide along,  
 And, with their sailing streamers, catch the eye  
 Of some *Adonis*, mark'd to love a prey,  
 Whose bosom ne'er had panted with a sigh,  
 But for the silken draperies that inclose  
 Graces which nature has by art conceal'd.

Mark well the fair! observe their modest eye,  
 With all the innocence of beauty blest.  
 Could slander o'er that tongue its power retain  
 Whose breath is music? Ah, fallacious thought!  
 The surface is Ambrosia's mingled sweets;  
 But all below is death. At Tea-board met,  
 Attend their prattling tongues—they scoff—they  
 rail

Unbounded; but their darts are chiefly aim'd  
 At some gay *Fair*, whose beauties far eclipse  
 Her dim beholders:—Who with haggard eyes

K

Would

Would blight those charms where raptures long  
 have dwelt  
 In extacy, delighted and suffic'd.

In vain hath *Beauty*, with her varied robe,  
 Follow'd her glowing blushes o'er her cheeks,  
 And call'd attendant graces to her aid,  
 To blend the scarlet and the lilly fair.  
 In vain did *Venus* in her fav'rite mould  
 Adapt the slender form to Cupid's choice;  
 When slander comes; her blasts too fatal prove;  
 Pale are those cheeks where youth and beauty  
 glow'd,

Where smiles, where freshness, and where roses  
 grew:

Ghastly and wan their *Gorgon* picture comes  
 With every fury grinning from the looks  
 Of frightful monster—*Envy's* hissing tongue,  
 With deepest vengeance wounds, and every  
 wound

With deeper canker, deeper poison teems.

O GOLD! thy luring lustre first prevail'd  
 On MAN to tempt the fretful winds and waves,  
 And hunt new fancies. Still thy glaring form  
 Bids commerce thrive, and o'er the Indian waves  
 O'er-stemming danger draw the lab'ring keel  
 From *China's* coast, to *Britain's* colder clime

Fraught

Fraught with the fruits and herbage of their vales;  
 In them whatever vegetable springs,  
 How loathsome and corrupted, triumphs here,  
 The bane of life, of health the sure decay;  
 Yet, yet we swallow, and extol the draught,  
 Tho' nervous ails should spring, and vap'rish  
     qualms  
 Our senses and our appetites destroy.

Look round, ye *sipplers* of the poison'd cup  
 From foreign plant distill'd! no more repine  
 That *Nature*, sparing of her sacred sweets,  
 Hath doom'd you in a wilderness to dwell,  
 While round Britannia's streams she kindly rears  
 Green *Sage* and *Wild Thyme*.—These were sure  
     decreed

As plants of *Britain* to regale her sons  
 With native moisture, more refreshing sweet,  
 And more profuse of health and vigour's balm,  
 Than all the stems that *India* can boast.



*The SOW of FEELING.*

*Well! I protest there's no such thing as dealing  
With these starch'd poets—with these MEN of  
FEELING!*

Epilogue to the Prince of Tunis.

**M**ALIGNANT planets! do ye still combine  
Against this wayward, dreary life of mine  
Has pitiless oppression—cruel case!  
Gain'd sole possession of the human race?  
By cruel hands has every virtue bled,  
And innocence from men to vultures fled!

Thrice happy, had I liv'd in Jewish time,  
When swallowing pork or pig was doom'd a crime;  
My husband long had blest my longing arms,  
Long, long had known love's sympathetic charms!  
My children too—a little suckling race,  
With all their father growing in their face,  
From their prolific *dam* had ne'er been torn,  
Nor to the bloody stalls of butchers borne.

Ah! luxury! to you my being owes  
Its load of misery—its load of woes!  
With heavy heart I saunter all the day,  
Gruntle and murmur all my hours away!

In vain I try to summon old desire;  
 For favourite sports—for wallowing in the mire;  
 Thoughts of my husband—of my children slain;  
 Turn all my wonted pleasure into pain!  
 How oft did we, in Phœbus' warming ray,  
 Bask on the humid softness of the clay?  
 Oft did his lusty *head* defend my *tail*  
 From the rude whispers of the angry gale;  
 While *nose-refreshing* puddles stream'd around,  
 And floating odours hail'd the *dung-clad* ground.

Near by a rustic mill's enchanting clack,  
 Where plenteous bushels load the *peasant's* back,  
 In *straw-crown'd* hovel, there to life we came,  
 One *boar* our father, and one *sow* our dam:  
 While tender infants on their mother's breast,  
 A flame divine on either shone confest;  
 In riper hours love's more than ardent blaze,  
 Inkindled all his passion, all his praise!  
 No deadly, sinful passion fir'd his soul,  
 Virtue o'er all his actions gain'd controul!  
 That *cherub* which attracts the female heart,  
 And makes them soonest with their beauty part,  
 Attracted mine;—I gave him all my love,  
 In the recesses of a verdant grove:  
 'Twas there I listen'd to his warmest vows,  
 Amidst the pendant melancholy boughs;

'Twas there my trusty lover shook for me  
 A show'r of *acorns* from the *oaken* tree;  
 And from the teeming earth, with joy, plough'd out  
 The roots *salubrious* with his hardy snout.

But happiness, a floating meteor thou,  
 That still inconstant art to man and fow,  
 Left us in gloomiest horrors to reside,  
 Near by the deep-dy'd *sanguinary* tide,  
 Where whetting *steel* prepares the butch'ring  
                     knives,

With greater ease to take the harmless lives  
 Of *cows*, and *calves*, and *sheep*, and *hog*, who  
                     fear

The bite of bull-dogs, that incessant tear  
 Their flesh, and keenly suck the blood-distilling  
                     ear!

At length the day, th' eventful day drew near,  
 Detested cause of many a briny tear!

I'll weep till sorrow shall my eye-lids drain,  
 A tender husband, and a brother slain!

Alas! the lovely languor of his eye,  
 When the base murd'ers bore him captive by!  
 His mournful voice! the music of his groans,  
 Had melted any hearts—but hearts of stones!  
 O! had some angel at that instant come,  
 Giv'n me four nimble fingers and a thumb,

The

The blood-stain'd blade I'd turn'd upon his foe,  
 And sudden sent him to the shades below—  
 Where, or *Pythagoras'* opinion jests,  
 Beasts are made *butchers*—*butchers* chang'd to  
*beasts*.

In early times the law had wife decreed,  
 For human food but reptiles few should bleed;  
 But monstrous man, still erring from the laws,  
 The curse of heaven on his banquet draws!  
 Already has he drain'd the marshes dry  
 For *frogs*, new emblems of his luxury;  
 And soon the *toad* and *lizard* will come home,  
 Pure victims to the hungry glutton's womb:  
*Cats*, *rats*, and *mice*, their destiny may mourn,  
 In time their carcasses on spits must turn;  
 They may rejoice to-day—while I resign  
 Life, to be number'd 'mongst the *feeling swine*.

An EXPEDITION to FIFE and the Island of  
 MAY, on board the BLESSED ENDEA-  
 VOUR of Dunbar, Captain ROXBURGH  
 Commander.

L IST, O ye slumberers on the peaceful shore!  
 Whose lives are one unvariegated calm  
 Of stillness and of sloth: And hear, O nymph!  
 In heaven yclepit *Pleasure*: from your throne  
 Effulgent



Effulgent send a heavenly radiant beam,  
That, cheer'd by thee, the *Muse* may bend her  
way ;

For from no earthly flight she builds her song,  
But from the bosom of green Neptune's main  
Would fain emerge, and under *Phebe's* reign,  
Transmit her numbers to inclining ears.

Now when the choiring songsters quit the  
groves,  
And solemn founding whisp'rings lull the spray,  
To meditation sacred, let me roam  
O'er the blest floods that wash our natal shore,  
And view the wonders of the *deep* profound,  
While now the western breezes reign around,  
And Boreas, sleeping in his iron cave,  
Regains his strength and animated rage,  
To wake new *tempests* and inswell new *seas*.

And now *Favonius* wings the sprightly gale ;  
The willing canvass, swelling with the breeze,  
Gives life and motion to our bounding prow,  
While the hoarse *boatswain's* pipe shrill sounding  
far,  
Calls all the tars to action. *Hardy sons !*  
Who shudder not at life's devouring gales,  
But smile amidst the tempest's sounding jars,  
Or 'midst the hollow thunders of the war :

Fresh

Fresh sprung from *Greenland's* cold, they hail  
with joy

The happier clime, the fresh autumnal breeze  
By *Syrius* guided to allay the heat  
That else would parch the vigour of their veins.  
Hard change, alas! from petrifying cold  
Instant to plunge to the severest ray  
That burning *Dog-star* or bright *Phæbus* sheds.  
Like comet whirling thro' th' etherial void,  
Now they are redden'd with the solar blaze,  
Now froze and tortur'd by the frigid zone.

Thrice happy Britons! whose well temper'd  
clay

Can face all climes, all tempests, and all seas.  
These are the sons that check the growing war;  
These are the sons that hem *Britannia* round  
From sudden innovation; awe the shores,  
And make their drooping pendants hail her queen  
And mistrefs of the globe.—They guard our beds,  
While fearless we enjoy secure repose,  
And all the blessings of a bounteous sky.  
To them in ferv'rous adoration bend,  
Ye fashion'd *Macaronies*! whose bright blades  
Were never dimm'd or stain'd with hostile blood,  
But still hang dangling on your feeble thigh,  
While thro' the *Mall* or *Park* you shew away,  
Or thro' the drawing-room on tiptoe steal.

On

On poop aloft, to *messmates* laid along,  
 Some son of Neptune, whose old wrinkl'd brow  
 Has bay'd the rattling thunder, tells his tale  
 Of dangers, sieges, and of battles dire,  
 While they, elate with success of the day,  
 Cheer him with happy smiles, or bitter sighs,  
 When fortune with a sourer aspect grins.

Ah! how unstable are the joys of life?  
 The pleasures, ah! how few?—Now smile the  
       skies

With visage mild, and now the thunders shake,  
 And all the radiance of the heavens deflow'r.  
 Thro' the small op'ning of the main-sail broad,  
 Lo, *Boreas* steals, and tears him from the yard,  
 Where long and lasting he has play'd his part!  
 So suffers *Virtue*. When in her fair form  
 The smallest flaw is found, the whole decays.  
 In vain she may implore with piteous eye,  
 And spread her naked pinions to the blast:  
 A reputation maim'd finds no repair  
 Till death, the ghastly monarch, shuts the scene.

And now we gain the *May*, whose midnight  
       light,  
 Like vestal virgins' off'rings undecay'd,  
 To mariners bewilder'd acts the part

Of

Of social friendship, guiding those that err  
With kindly radiance to their destin'd port.

Thanks, kindest Nature ! for those floating  
gems,

Those green-grown isles, with which you lavish  
strew

Great Neptune's empire. But for thee ! the main  
Were an uncomfortable mazy flood.

No guidance then would bless the steersman's skill,  
No resting place would crown the mar'ner's wish,

When he to distant gales his canvass spreads,  
To search new wonders.—Here the verdant shores

Teem with new freshness, and regale our sight  
With caves that antient time, in days of yore,

Sequester'd for the haunt of *Druid* lone,

There to remain in solitary cell,

Beyond the power of mortals to disjoin

From holy meditation.—Happy now

To cast our eyes around from shore to shore,

While by the oozy caverns on the beech

We wander wild, and listen to the roar

Of billows murmuring with incessant noise.

And now, by fancy led, we wander wild

Where o'er the rugged steep the buried dead

Remote lie anchor'd in their parent mould ;

Where a few fading willows point the state

Of



Of man's decay. Ah, death ! where-e'er we fly,  
 Whether we seek the busy and the gay,  
 The mourner or the joyful, there art thou.  
 No distant isle, no furly swelling surge,  
 E'er aw'd thy progress, or controul'd thy sway,  
 To bless us with that comfort, *length of days*,  
 By all aspir'd at, but by few attain'd.

To *Fife* we steer, of all beneath the sun  
 The most unhallow'd 'midst the *Scotian* plains!  
 And here, sad emblem of deceitful times !  
 Hath sad hypocrisy her standard borne.  
 Mirth knows no residence, but ghastly fear  
 Stands trembling and appall'd at airy sights.  
 ONCE, *only only once* ! Reward it, O ye powers !  
 Did *Hospitality*, with open face,  
 And winning smile, cheer the deserted sight,  
 That else had languish'd for the blest return  
 Of beauteous day, to dissipate the clouds  
 Of endless night, and superstition wild,  
 That constant hover o'er the dark abode.  
 O happy *Lothian* ! Happy thrice her sons !  
 Who ne'er yet ventur'd from the southern shore  
 To tempt misfortune on the *Fifan* coast,  
 Again with thee we dwell and taste thy joys,  
 Where sorrow reigns not, and where every gale  
 Is fraught with fullness, blest with living hope,  
 That fears no canker from the year's decay.

To Sir JOHN FIELDING, on his Attempt to  
suppress the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

When you censure the age,  
Be cautious and sage,  
Lest the courtiers offended should be ;  
When you mention vice or brite,  
'Tis so pat to all the tribe,  
Each cries, It was levell'd at me.

GAY.

'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.

FILCH.

BENEATH what cheerful region of the sky  
Shall Wit, shall Humour, and the Muses fly?

For Our's, a cold, inhospitable clime,  
Refuses quarter to the muse and rhyme,  
If on her brows an envy'd laurel springs,  
They shake its foliage, crop her growing wings,  
That with the Plumes of virtue wisely soar,  
And all the follies of the age explore ;  
But should old Grub her rankest venom pour,  
And ev'ry virtue with a vice deflow'r,  
Her verse is sacred, Justices agree ;  
Even Justice Fielding signs the wise decree.

L

Let

at Court Garden + Drury Lane in  
1772 + 1773.

Let fortune-dealers, wise predictors! tell  
 From what bright planet *Justice Fielding* fell;  
*Augusta* trembles at the awful name;  
 The darling tongue of liberty is tame,  
 Basely confin'd by him in *Newgate* chains,  
 Nor dare exclaim how harshly *Fielding* reigns.

In days when every *Mercer* has his *scale*,  
 To tell what *Pieces lack*, how few *prevail*?  
 I wonder not the low-born menial trade,  
 By partial *Justice* has aside been laid:  
 For she gives no discount for *Virtue* worn,  
 Her aged joints are without mercy torn.

In vain, O GAY! thy muse explor'd the way  
 Of yore to banish the Italian lay,  
 Gave homely numbers sweet, tho' warmly strong;  
 The *British chorus* blest the happy song:  
 Thy manly voice and *Albion's* then were heard,  
 Felt by her sons, and by her sons rever'd:  
*Eunuchs*, not *Men*, now bear aloft the palm,  
 And o'er our senses pour lethargic balm.

The *Stage* the truest mirror is of life;  
 Our passions there revolve in active strife;  
 Each character is there display'd to view;  
 Each hates his own, tho' well assur'd 'tis true.  
 No marvel then, that all the world should own,  
 In *Peachum's* treach'ry *Justice Fielding* known,

Since

Since thieves so common are, and, Justice, you  
Thieves to the gallows for reward pursue.

Had GAY by writing rous'd the stealing trade,  
You'd been less active to suppress your bread ;

For, trust me! when a robber loses ground,  
You lose your living with your forty pound.

'Twas Woman first that snatch'd the luring bait,  
The temper taught her to transgress and eat ;  
Tho' wrong the deed, her quick compunction told ;  
She banish'd ADAM from an age of gold.

When women now transgress fair virtue's rules,  
Men are their pupils, and the stews their schools ;  
From simple wh—d—m greater sins began  
To shoot, to bloom, to center all in man ;  
Footpads on *Hounslow* flourish here to-day,  
The next old *Tyburn* sweeps them all away ;  
For woman's faults, the cause of every wrong !  
Men robb'd and, murder'd, thieves at *Tyburn*  
strung.

In panting breasts to raise the fond alarm,  
Make females in the cause of virtue warm,  
GAY has compar'd them to the summer flow'r,  
The boast and glory of an idle hour ;  
When cropp'd it falls, shrinks, withers, and decays,  
And to oblivion dark consigns its days.



Hath this a power to win the female heart  
 Back from its vice, from virtue ne'er to part;  
 If so the wayward virgin will restore,  
 And murders, rapes and plunders be no more.

These were the lays of him who virtue knew,  
 Rever'd her dictates, and practis'd them too;  
 No idle theorist in her stainless ways,  
 He gave the parent Goddess all his days.

O *Queenberry*! his best and earliest friend,  
 ALL that his wit or learning could commend;  
 Best of *patrons*! the Muse's only pride!  
 Still in her pageant shalt thou first preside;  
 No idle pomp that riches can procure,  
 Sprung at a start, and faded in an hour,  
 But pageant, lasting as the uncrepp'd bay,  
 That verdant triumphs with the Muse of GAY.

CHARACTER of a FRIEND, in an EPI-  
 TAPH which he desired the Author to write.

UNDER this turf, to mould'ring earth consign'd,  
 Lies he, who once was fickle as the wind.  
 Alike the scenes of good and ill he knew,  
 From the chaste temple to the lewdest stew.  
 Virtue and vice in him alternate reign'd;  
 That fill'd his mind, and this his pocket drain'd:  
 Till in the contest they so stubborn grew,  
 Death gave the parting blow, and both withdrew.

To Dr SAMUEL JOHNSON:

*Food for a new Edition of his* DICTIONARY.

*Let Wilkes and Churchill rage no more,  
Tho' scarce provision, learning's good;  
What can these hungries next implore,  
E'en SAMUEL JOHNSON loves our food.*

**G**REAT *Pedagogue*, whose literarian lore,  
With *syllable* and *syllable* conjoin'd,  
To transmutate and varyfy, has learn'd  
The whole revolving scientific names  
That in the alphabetic columns lie,  
Far from the knowledge of mortal shapes;  
As we, who never can peroculate  
The miracles by thee miraculiz'd,  
The Muse filential long, with mouth apert  
Would give vibration to stagnatic tongue,  
And loud encomiate thy puissant name,  
Eulogiated from the green decline  
Of Thames's banks to Scoticanian shores,  
Where *Loch-lomondian* liquids undulize.

To meminate thy name in after times,  
The mighty Mayor of each regalian town

Shall consignate thy work to parchment fair  
 In roll burgharian, and their tables all  
 Shall fumigate with fumigation strong :  
*Scotland*, from perpendicularian hills,  
 Shall emigrate her fair *muttonian* store,  
 Which late had there in pedestration walk'd,  
 And o'er her airy heights perambuliz'd.

Oh, blackest execrations on thy head,  
*Edina* shameless ! tho' he came within  
 The bounds of your *Notation* ; tho' you knew  
 His *Honorific* name, you noted not,  
 But basely suffer'd him to chariotize  
 Far from your tow'rs, with smoke that nubilate,  
 Nor drank one amicitial swelling cup  
 To welcome him convivial. *Bailies* all !  
 With rage inflated, catenations\* tear,  
 Nor ever after be you vinculiz'd,  
 Since you that sociability denied  
 To him whose potent *Lexiphanian* stile  
 Words can *prolongate*, and inswell his page  
 With what in others to a line's confin'd.

Welcome, thou verbal potentate and prince?  
 To hills and vallies, where emerging oats  
 From earth assuage our pauperty to bay,  
 And bless thy name, thy dictionarian skill,  
 Which

\* Catenations, *vide* chains. JOHNSON.

Which there definitive will still remain,  
 And oft be speculiz'd by taper blue,  
 While youth *studentious* turn thy folio page.

Have you as yet, in per'patetic mood,  
 Regarded with the texture of the eye  
 The *cave cavernick*, where fraternal bard,  
*Churchill*, depicted pauperated swains  
 With thraldom and bleak want, reduced fore ;  
 Where Nature, coloriz'd, so coarsely fades,  
 And puts her russet par'phernalia on?  
 Have you as yet the way explorified  
 To let lignarian chalice, swell'd with oats,  
 Thy orifice approach? Have you as yet,  
 With skin fresh rubified by scarlet spheres,  
 Apply'd *brimstonic unct.ion* to your hide,  
 To terrify the *salamandrian* fire  
 That from involuntary digits asks  
 The strong allaceration?—Or can you swill  
 The *usquebalian* flames of *whisky* blue  
 In fermentation strong? Have you apply'd  
 The kelt aerian to your Anglian thighs,  
 And with renunciation assigniz'd  
 Your breeches in *Londona* to be worn?  
 Can you, in rigor of Highlandian sky,  
 On heathy summits take nocturnal rest?  
 It cannot be—You may as well desire

An



An alderman leave *plumb-puddenian* store,  
 And scratch the tegument from portage-dish,  
 As bid thy countrymen, and thee conjoin'd,  
 Forsake stomachic joys. Then hie you home,  
 And be a malcontent, that naked hinds,  
 On lentiles fed, can make your kingdom quake,  
 And tremulate Old England libertiz'd!

EPICRAM on seeing SCALES used in a  
 MASON LODGE.

WHY should the Brethren, met in Lodge,  
 Adopt such aukward measures,  
 To set their scales and weights to judge  
 The value of their treasures?

The law laid down from age to age,  
 How can they well o'ercome it?  
 For it forbids them to engage  
 With ought but Line and Plummets.

EPITAPH on General WOLFE.

IN worth exceeding, and in virtue great,  
 Words would want force his actions to relate.  
 Silence, ye bards! eulogiums vain forbear,  
 It is enough to say that WOLFE lies here.

EPICRAM

EPIGRAM on the numerous EPITAPHS for  
General WOLFE; for the best of which a PRE-  
MIUM of £. 100. was promised.

THE Muse, a shameless mercenary jade!  
Has now assum'd the arch-tongu'd lawyer's  
trade :

In WOLFE's deserving praises silent she,  
Till flatter'd with the prospect of a fee.

EPILOGUE, spoken by Mr. WILSON, at the  
Theatre-royal, in the Character of an EDINBURGH  
BURN.

YE who oft finish care in Lethe's cup,  
Who love to swear, and roar, and keep it up,  
Lift to a brother's voice, whose sole delight  
Is sleep all day, and riot all the night.

Last night, when potent draughts of mellow  
wine

Did sober reason into wit refine ;  
When lusty Bacchus had contriv'd to drain  
The fullen vapours from our shallow brain,  
We sallied forth (for valour's dazzling sun  
Up to his bright meridian had run) ;  
And, like renowned Quixotte and his squire,  
Spoils and adventures were our sole desire.

First

First we approach'd a seeming sober dame,  
 Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,  
 Borne by a livery'd puppy's fervile hand,  
 The slave obsequious of her stern command.  
 Curse on those cits, said I, who dare disgrace  
 Our streets at midnight with a sober face;  
 Let never tallow-chandler give them light,  
 To guide them thro' the dangers of the night.  
 The valet's cane we snatch'd, and, demme! I  
 Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.  
 The guard, still watchful of the lieges harm,  
 With slow-pac'd motion stalk'd at the alarm.  
 Guard, seize the rogues!—the angry madam cry'd,  
 And all the guard with *sieze ta rogue* reply'd.

As in a war, there's nothing judg'd so right  
 As a concerted and prudential flight;  
 So we, from guard and scandal to be freed,  
 Left them the field and burial of their dead.

Next we approach'd the bounds of *George's*  
*Square*,  
 Blest place! No watch, no constables come there!  
 Now had they borrow'd *Argus'* eyes who saw us,  
 All was made dark and desolate as chaos:  
 Lamps tumbl'd after lamps, and lost their lustres,  
 Like Doomesday, when the stars shall fall in clusters.

Let

Let fancy paint what dazzling glory grew  
 From chrystal gems, when Phoebus came in view :  
 Each shatter'd orb ten thousand fragments shews,  
 And a new sun in ev'ry fragment shews.

Hear then, my Bucks ! how drunken fate decreed us  
 For a nocturnal visit to the *Meadows*,  
 And how we, val'rous champions ! durst engage—  
 O deed unequall'd !—both the *Bridge and Cage*,  
 The rage of perilous winters which had stood,  
 This 'gainst the wind, and that against the flood ;  
 But what nor wind, nor flood, nor heav'n could  
 bend e'er,  
 We tumbl'd down, my Bucks, and made surrender.

What are your far fam'd warriors to us,  
 'Bout whom historians make such mighty fuzz :  
 Posterity may think it was uncommon  
 That *Troy* should be pillag'd for a woman ;  
 But ours your ten years sieges will excel,  
 And justly be esteem'd the nonpareil.  
 Our cause is slighter than a dame's betrothing,  
 For all these mighty feats have sprung from no-  
 thing.

My



## MY LAST WILL.

WHILE sober socks, in humble *prose*,  
 Estate, and goods, and gear dispose,  
 A poet surely may disperse  
 His *moveables* in *doggrel verse*;  
 And fearing death my blood will fast chill,  
 I hereby constitute my last *will*.

Then wit ye me to have made o'er  
 To *Nature* my poetic lore;  
 To her I give and grant the freedom  
 Of paying to the bards who need 'em  
 As many talents as she gave,  
 When I became the Muse's slave.

Thanks to the gods, who made me poor!  
 No *luke-warm* friends molest my door,  
 Who always shew a busy care  
 For being legatee or heir:  
 Of this stamp none will ever follow  
 The youth that's favour'd by Apollo.

But to those few who know my case,  
 Nor thought a poet's friend disgrace,  
 The following trifles I bequeath,  
 And leave them with my kindest breath;  
 Nor will I burden them with payment  
 Of debts incurr'd, or coffin raiment,

As yet 'twas never my intent  
To pass an Irish compliment.

To JAMIE RAE, who oft *jocosus*  
With me partook of cheering doses,  
I leave my snuff-box to regale  
His senses after drowsy meal,  
And wake remembrance of a friend  
Who lov'd him to his latter end :  
But if this pledge shou'd make him sorry,  
And argue like *memento mori*,  
He may bequeath't 'mong stubborn fellows  
To all the finer feelings callous,  
Who think that parting breath's a sneeze  
To set sensations all at ease.

To OLIPHANT, my friend, I legate  
Those scrolls poetic which he may get,  
With ample freedom to correct  
Those writs I ne'er cou'd retrospect,  
With power to him and his succession  
To print and sell a new impression :  
And here I fix on *Ossian's Head*  
A domicile for Doric reed,  
With as much power *ad Musæ bona*  
As I *in propria persona*.

To HAMILTON I give the task  
Outstanding debts to crave and ask ;  
M

And

And that my Muse he may not dub ill,  
 For loading him with so much trouble,  
 My debts I leave him *singulatim*,  
 As they are mostly *desperatim*.

To Woods, whose genius can provoke  
 His passions to the bowl or sock,  
 For love to thee, and to the nine,  
 Be my immortal Shakespeare thine :  
 Here may you thro' the alleys turn,  
 Where Falstaff laughs, where heroes mourn,  
 And boldly catch the glowing fire  
 That dwells in raptures on his lyre.

Now at my dirge (if dirge there be !)  
 Due to the Muse and poetry,  
 Let HUTCHISON attend ; for none is  
 More fit to guide the ceremonies ;  
 As I in health with him wou'd often  
 This clay-built mansion wash and soften,  
 So let my friends with him partake  
 The gen'rous wine at dirge or wake.—

And I consent to registration  
 Of this my will for preservation,  
 That patent it may be, and seen  
 In WALTER'S Weekly Magazine.

Witness

Witness whereof, these presents wrote are  
 By *William Blair*, the public notar,  
 And, for the tremor of my hand,  
 Are sign'd by him at my command.

R. F. + *his Mark.*

CODICILE to ROB. FEREGUSSON'S LAST  
 WILL.

WHEREAS, by test'ment, dated *blank*,  
 Inroll'd in the poetic rank,  
 'Midst brighter themes that weekly come  
 To make parade at *Walter's DRUM*,  
 I there, for certain weighty causes,  
 Produc'd some kind bequeathing clauses,  
 And left to friends (as 'tis the custom  
 With nothing till our death to trust 'em)  
 Some tokens of a pure regard  
 From one who liv'd and died a Bard.

If *poverty* has any crime in  
 Teaching mankind the art of rhiming,  
 Then, by these presents, know all mortals  
 Who come within the *MUSES' portals*,  
 That I approve my will aforesaid,  
 But think that something might be more said,  
 And only now would humbly seek  
 The liberty to add and eik



To test'ment which already made is,  
And duly register'd, as said is.

To *Tulloch* \*, who, in kind compassion,  
Departed from the common fashion,  
And gave to me, who never paid it,  
Two flasks of port upon my credit,  
I leave the FLASKS as full of air  
As his of ruddy moisture were;  
Nor let him to complain begin,  
He'll get no more of cat than skin.

To WALTER RUDDIMAN, whose pen  
Still screen'd me from the *Dunce's Den*,  
I leave of PHIZ a picture, saving  
To him the freedom of engraving  
Therefrom a copy, to embellish,  
And give his work a smarter relish;  
For prints and frontispieces *bind do*  
Our eyes to stationary window,  
As superfluities in cloaths  
Set off and signalize the beaux;  
Not that I think in readers' eyes  
My visage will be deem'd a prize;  
But works that OTHERS would out-rival,  
At glaring copperplates connive all;

And

\* *A wine merchant.*

And prints do well with him that led is  
 To shun the substance, hunt the shadows;  
 For if a picture, 'tis enough,  
 A NEWTON or a *Jamie Duff*†:  
 Nor would I recommend to WALTER,  
 This scheme of copperplates to alter,  
 Since others at the samen prices  
 Propose to give a dish that nice is,  
 Folks will desert his ordinary,  
 Unless, like theirs, his dishes vary.

To *Williamson* ‡, and his referters,  
 Dispersing of the burial letters,  
 That they may pass with little cost  
 Fleet on the wings of Penny-post;  
 Always providing and declaring,  
 That PETER shall be ever sparing,  
 To make, *as use is*, the demand  
 For letters that may come to hand,  
 To me address'd, while *locum tenens*  
 Of earth and of corporeal penance;  
 Where, if he fail, it is my will,  
 His legacy is void and null.

M 3

Let

† *A Fool who attends at Funerals.*

‡ *The Penny Post-master.*

Let honest *Greenlaw* \* be the staff  
 On which I lean for *Epitaph*.  
 And that the Muses at my end  
 May know I had a learned friend,  
 Whate'er of character he's seen  
 In me thro' humour or chagrin,  
 I crave his genius may narrate in  
 The strength of *Ciceronian Latin*.

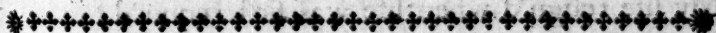
RESERVING to myself the pow'r  
 To alter this at latestt hour,  
*Cum privilegio revocare,*  
 Without assigning *ratio quare* :  
 AND I (as in the will before did)  
 Consent this deed shall be recorded :  
*In testimonium cuius rei,*  
 These presents are deliver'd by

R. FERGUSON.

\* *An excellent classical Scholar.*

POSTHUMOUS

# POSTHUMOUS PIECES.



## JOB, CHAP. III. PARAPHRASED.

**P**ERISH the fatal DAY when I was born,  
 The NIGHT with dreary darkness be forlorn ;  
 The loathed, hateful, and lamented night  
 When JOB, 'twas told, had first perceiv'd the light ;  
 Let it be dark, nor let the GOD on high  
 Regard it with the favour of his eye ;  
 Let blackest darkness and death's awful shade  
 Stain it, and make the trembling earth afraid ;  
 Be it not join'd unto the varying year,  
 Nor to the fleeting months in swift career.  
 Lo ! Let the night in solitude's dismay  
 Be dumb to joy, and waste in gloom away ;  
 On it may twilight stars be never known ;  
 Light let it wish for, Lord ! but give it none ;  
 Curse it let them who curse the passing day,  
 And to the voice of mourning raise the lay ;

Nor



Nor ever be the face of dawning seen  
 To ope its lustre on th' enamel'd green ;  
 Because it seal'd not up my *mother's womb*,  
 Nor hid from me 'the SORROWS doom'd to come.  
 Why have I not from *mother's womb* expir'd ?  
 My life resign'd when life was first requir'd ?  
 Why did supporting knees prevent my death,  
 Or suckling breasts sustain my infant breath ?  
 For now my soul with quiet had been blest,  
 With kings and counsellors of earth at rest,  
 Who bade the house of desolation rise,  
 And awful ruin strike tyrannic eyes,  
 Or with the princes unto whom were told  
 Rich store of silver and corrupting gold ;  
 Or, as untimely birth, I had not been  
 Like infant who the light hath never seen ;  
 For there the wicked from their trouble cease,  
 And there the weary find their lasting peace ;  
 There the poor prisoners together rest,  
 Nor by the hand of injury oppress'd ;  
 The small and great together mingl'd are,  
 And free the servant from his master there ;  
 Say, Wherefore has an over-bounteous heaven  
 Light to the comfortless and wretched given ?  
 Why should the troubl'd and oppress'd in soul  
 Fret over restless life's unsettled bowl,

Who

Who long for death, who lifts not to their pray'r,  
 And dig as for the treasures hid afar ;  
 Who with excess of joy are blest and glad,  
 Rejoic'd when in the tomb of silence laid ?  
 Why then is grateful light bestow'd on man,  
 Whose life is darkness, all his days a span ?  
 For 'ere the morn return'd my sighing came,  
 My mourning pour'd out as the mountain stream ;  
 Wild visag'd fear, with sorrow-mingled eye,  
 And wan destruction piteous star'd me nigh ;  
 For though nor rest nor safety blest my soul,  
 New trouble came, new darkness, new controul.

### O D E T O H O R R O R.

O Thou who with incessant gloom  
 Court'st the recess of midnight tomb !  
 Admit me of thy mournful throng,  
 The scattered woods and wilds among ;  
 If e'er thy discontented ear  
 The voice of *sympathy* can hear,  
 My melancholy bosom's sigh  
 Shall to your mournful plaint reply ;  
 There to the fear foreboding owl  
 The angry *Furies* hiss and howl ;  
 Or near the mountain's pendent brow  
 Where rush-clad streams in cadent murmurs flow.

E P O D E.

## E P O D E.

WHO's he that with imploring eye  
 Salutes the rosy dawning sky?  
 The cock proclaims the morn in vain,  
 His sp'rit to drive to its domain;  
 For morning light can but return  
 To bid the wretched wail and mourn:  
 Not the bright dawning's purple eye  
 Can cause the frightful vapours fly,  
 Nor sultry Sol's meridian throne  
 Can bid surrounding fears begone;  
 The gloom of night will still preside,  
 While angry conscience stares on either side.

## S T R O P H E.

TO ease his fore distemper'd head,  
 Sometimes upon the rocky bed  
 Reclin'd he lies, to list the sound  
 Of whispering reed in vale profound.  
 Happy if *Morpheus* visits there,  
 A while to lull his woe and care;  
 Send sweeter fancies to his aid,  
 And teach him to be undismay'd;  
 Yet wretched still, for when no more  
 The gods their opiate balm pour,

Ah

Ah, me ! he starts, and views again  
The Lybian monster prance along the plain.

Now from the oozing caves he flies,  
And to the city's *tumults* hies,  
Thinking to frolick life away,  
Be ever *cheerful*, ever *gay* :  
But tho' enwrapt in noise and smoke,  
They ne'er can heal his peace when broke ;  
His fears arise, he sighs again  
For solitude on rural plain ;  
Even there his wishes all convene  
To bear him to his noise again.  
Thus tortur'd, rack'd, and sore oppress'd,  
He constant hunts, but never finds his rest.

### A N T I S T R O P H E.

Oh exercise ! thou healing power,  
The toiling rustic's chieftest dower ;  
Be thou with parent virtue join'd  
To quell the tumults of the mind ;  
Then *man* as much of joy can share  
From ruffian winter, bleakly bare,  
As from the pure ætherial blaze  
That wantons in the summer rays ;  
The humble cottage then can bring  
*Content*, the comfort of a king ;

And



And gloomy mortals wish no more  
For wealth and idleness to make them poor.

## ODE TO DISSAPPOINTMENT.

THOU joyless fiend, life's constant foe,  
Sad *source* of care and *spring* of woe,  
Soft pleasure's hard controul ;  
Her gayest haunts for ever nigh,  
Stern mistress of the secret sigh,  
That swells the murm'ring soul.

### II.

Why haunt'st thou me thro' desarts drear ?  
With grief-swoln sounds why wound my ear,  
Denied to *pity's* aid ?  
Thy visage wan did e'er I woo,  
Or at thy feet in homage bow,  
Or court thy sullen shade.

### III.

Even now enchanted scenes abound,  
Elysian glories strew the ground,  
To lure th' astonish'd eyes ;  
Now *Horrors*, *Hell*, and *Furies* reign,  
And desolate the fairy scene  
Of all its gay disguise.

### IV.

## IV.

The passions, at thy urgent call,  
 Our *reasons* and our *sense* inthrall  
     In frenzy's fetters strong;  
 And now *despair* with lurid eye  
 Doth meagre *poverty* discry,  
     Subdu'd by famine long.

## V.

The lover flies the haunts of day,  
 In gloomy woods and wilds to stray,  
     There shuns his *Jessy's* scorn;  
 Sad sisters of the sighing grove  
 Attune their lyres to hapless love,  
     Dejected and forlorn.

## VI.

Yet *hope* undaunted wears thy chain,  
 And *smiles* amidst the growing pain,  
     Nor fears thy sad dismay;  
 Unaw'd by power her fancy flies  
 From earth's dim orb to purer skies,  
     *Realms* of endless day.

## D I R G E.

THE waving yew or cypress wreath  
 In vain bequeathe the mighty tear ;  
 In vain the awful pomp of death  
 Attends the fable shrouded bier.

## II.

Since *Strephon's* virtue's sunk to rest,  
 Nor pity's sigh, nor sorrow's strain,  
 Nor magic tongue, have e'er confest  
 Our wounded bosom's secret pain.

## III.

The just, the good, more honours share  
 In what the conscious heart bestows,  
 Than *vice* adorn'd with sculptor's care,  
 In all the venal pomp of woes.

## IV.

A sad-ey'd mourner at his tomb,  
 Thou, Friendship ! pay thy rites divine,  
 And echo thro' the midnight gloom  
 That *Strephon's* early fall was thine.

H O R A C E,

## H O R A C E, O D E XI. Lib. I.

N E'ER fash your *thumb* what *gods* decree  
 To be the *weird* o' you or me,  
 Nor deal in *cantrup's* kittle-cunning  
 To speir how fast your days are running,  
 But patient lippen for the *best*,  
 Nor be in *dowry thought* opprest,  
 Whether we see mare winters come  
 Than this that spits wi' canker'd foam.

Now moisten weel your *geyzen'd wa'as*  
 Wi' conthy friends and *heartly blaws* ;  
 Ne'er lat your *hope* o'ergang your *days*,  
 For *cild* and *thraldom* never stays ;  
 The day looks *gash*, toot aff your *horn*,  
 Nor care yae *strae* about the *morn*.

## T H E A U T H O R ' s L I F E.

M Y *life* is like the flowing stream  
 That glides where summer's beauties teem,  
 Meets all the *riches* of the gale  
 That on its watry bosom sail,  
 And wanders 'midst Elysian groves  
 Thro' all the haunts that fancy loves.

May



May I, when drooping days decline,  
And 'gainst those genial *streams* combine,  
The winter's sad decay forsake,  
And center in my parent lake.

S O N G.

SINCE brightest beauty soon must fade,  
That in life's spring so long has roll'd,  
And wither in the drooping shade,  
E'er it return to native mould :

II.

Ye virgins, seize the fleeting hour,  
In time catch Cytherea's joy,  
E're age your wonted smiles deflower,  
And hopes of love and life annoy.

EPIGRAM on a LAWYER's *desiring one of the*  
*TRIBE to look with respect to a GIBBET.*

THE lawyers may revere that tree  
Where thieves so oft have strung,  
Since, by the Law's most wise decree,  
*Her thieves* are never hung.

*On the AUTHOR's intention of going to SEA.*

**F**ORTUNE and BOB, e'er since his birth,  
 Could never yet agree,  
 She fairly kickt him from the earth  
 To try his fate at sea.

---

*The VANITY of HUMAN WISHES: An ELEGY,  
 occasioned by the untimely DEATH of a SCOTS  
 POET.*

*Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus,  
 Tam cari capitis? præcipe lugubres  
 Cantos, Melpomene: cui liquidam pater  
 Vocem cum cithara dedit.*

HOR.

**D**ARK was the night—and silence reign'd o'er  
 all;

No mirthful sounds urg'd on the ling'ring hour:  
 The sheeted ghost stalk'd thro' the ghastly hall,  
 And ev'ry breast confess'd chill horror's pow'r:

Slumb'ring I lay: I mus'd on human hopes:

“Vain, vain, I cry'd, are all the hopes we form;  
 “When winter comes, the sweetest flow'ret drops,  
 “And oaks themselves must bend before the  
 storm.”

While

While thus I spoke, a voice assail'd my ear,  
 'Twas sad—'twas flow—it fill'd my mind with  
 dread!

" Forbear, it cry'd—thy moral lays forbear,  
 " Or change the strain—for FERGUSSON is  
 dead!

" Have we not seen him sporting on these  
 plains?

" Have we not heard him strike the Muse's lyre?

" Have we not felt the magic of his strains,

" Which often glow'd with fancy's warmest  
 fire?

" Have we not hop'd these strains would long be  
 heard?

" Have we not told how oft they touch'd the  
 soul?

" And has not SCOTIA said, her youthful BARD

" Might spread her fame ev'n to the distant  
 pole?

" But vain, alas! are all the hopes we rais'd;

" Death strikes the blow—they sink—their  
 reign is o'er;

" And these sweet songs, which we so oft have  
 prais'd—

" These mirthful strains shall now be heard no  
 more.

" This

“ This, this proclaims how vain are all the joys  
 “ Which we so ardently wish to attain ;  
 “ Since ruthless fate so oft, so soon, destroys  
 “ The high-born hopes ev’n of the Muses,  
 train.”

I heard no more—The cock, with clarion shrill,  
 Loudly proclaim’d th’ approach of morning near—  
 The voice was gone—but yet I heard it still—  
 For every note was echo’d back by fear.

“ Perhaps, I cried, e’er yonder rising sun  
 “ Shall sink his glories in the western wave ;  
 “ Perhaps ’ere then my race may too be run,  
 “ And I myself laid in the silent grave.

“ Oft then, O mortals ! oft this dreadful truth  
 “ Should be proclaim’d—for fate is in the sound,  
 “ *That genius, learning, health, and vigorous youth,*  
 “ *May, in one day, in death’s cold chains be*  
 bound.”

J. TAIT.

F I N I S.